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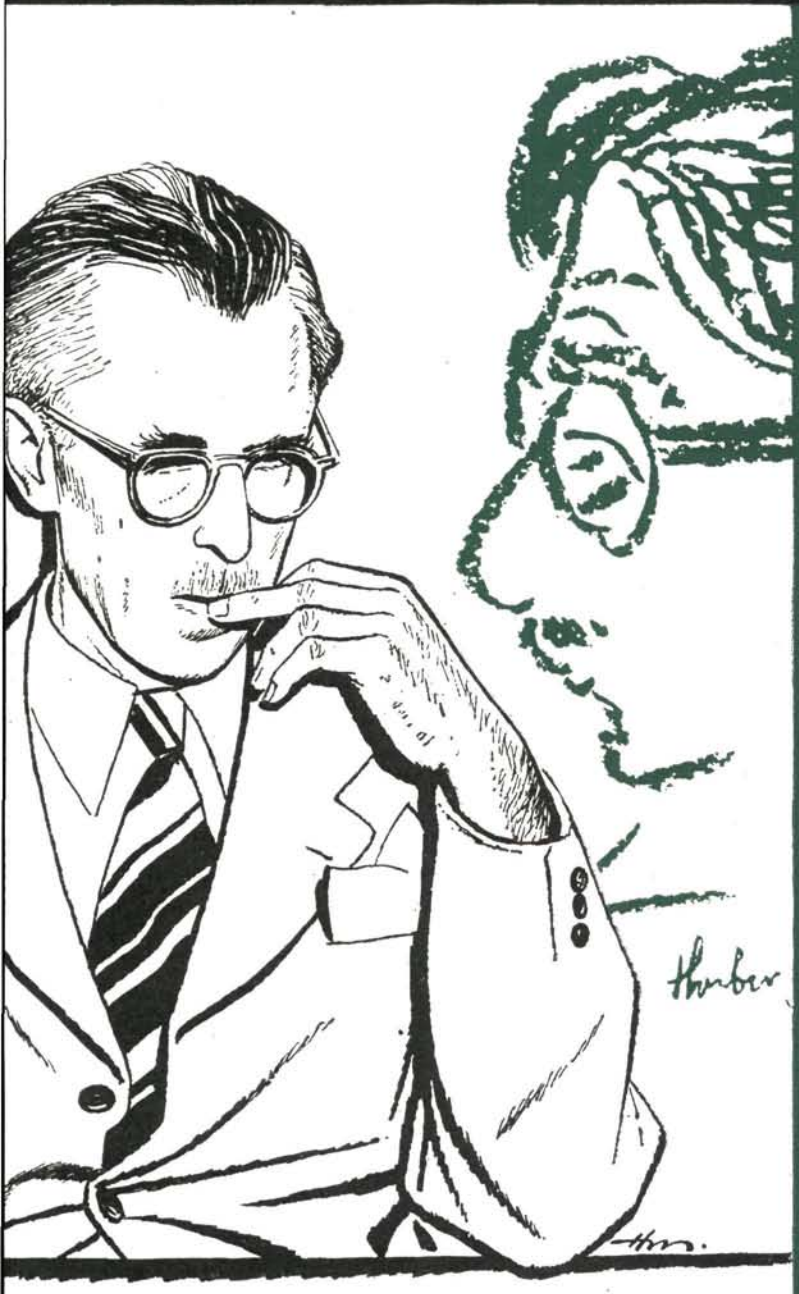

James Thurber, author of "The Thurber Album." (See page 17.)

REPORT FROM CANADA

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Canada: Boom Unlimited
Leo Cherne

Two Accents, One Voice
Desmond Pacey

Our Mirror in Canadian Fears
J. B. Brebner

4000 Miles of "Irritation"
Merrill Denison

Footloose in Canada
Horace Sutton

Music North of the Border
Lauretta Thistle

Upsurge in Painting
James Thrall Soby

New Ideas on Film
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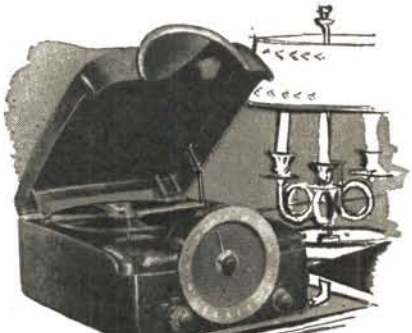

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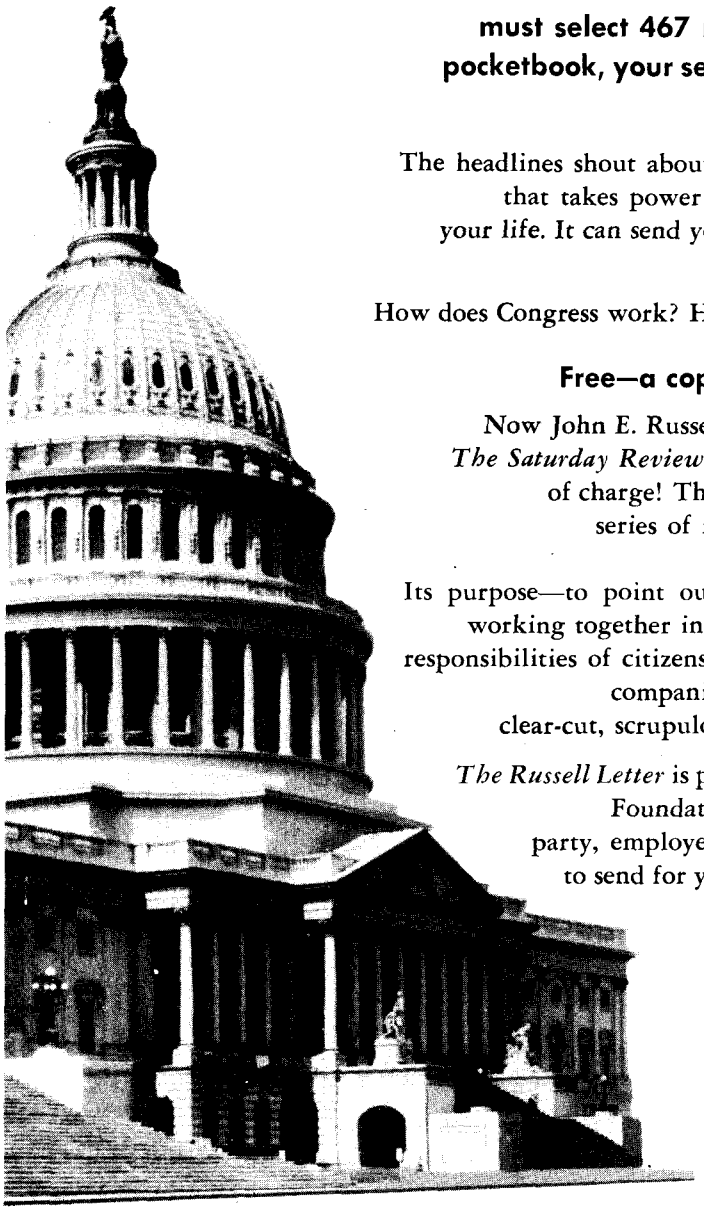

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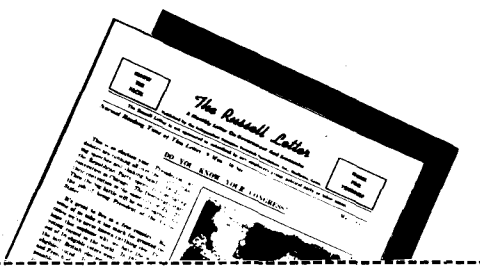

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The Saturday Review

JUNE 7, 1952

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Good News

▸ A novel kind of cultural exchange has been worked out between London and Paris. On the fourteenth of July, the French national holiday, a formal garden in the French classical tradition will be opened in London near Victoria Station. And at the same time, the French will arrange a Shakespearean garden in the Bois de Boulogne of Paris.

▸ The International Civil Aviation Organization has announced the publication of an English, French, and Spanish aeronautical dictionary, designed to unscramble misunderstandings of 2,500 commonly used terms in the three languages. The lexicon aims towards the unification and proper use of the terminology of international civil aviation. It codifies the results of five years of cooperative effort between technicians and linguists.

▸ In San Francisco the Westminster Presbyterian Church, with an all-white congregation, and the Hope Presbyterian Church, with an all-Negro congregation, announced they had voted unanimously to merge and worship together under the same pastor—a Negro. Because of population shifts the Westminster congregation has been dwindling in recent years. Members voted, without exception, to invite the Hope congregation to join them in their more spacious church and the Hope worshippers accepted, also without a dissenting vote.

▸ Franklin Haines Price, head of the Free Library of Philadelphia from 1934 until his retirement last November, received the twenty-ninth annual Philadelphia Award of $10,000. Under Mr. Price's guidance the Free Library grew to be the third largest library in the country with forty-two branches in the city.

▸ The Government of Israel has become the ninth nation to ratify an international agreement to wipe out trade barriers on the importation of educational, scientific, and cultural materials. This convention, sponsored by UNESCO, now needs only one more country's ratification to come into force.

▸ The Rockefeller Foundation announced a grant of $10,000 to the Library of Congress to select, purchase, and ship a scholarly collection of books and periodicals on the Soviet Union to Japan. The books will be sent to the National Diet Library in Tokyo and to the library at Hokkaido University.

Out of the ghostly "city of barges" along the lower Thames comes a new story with

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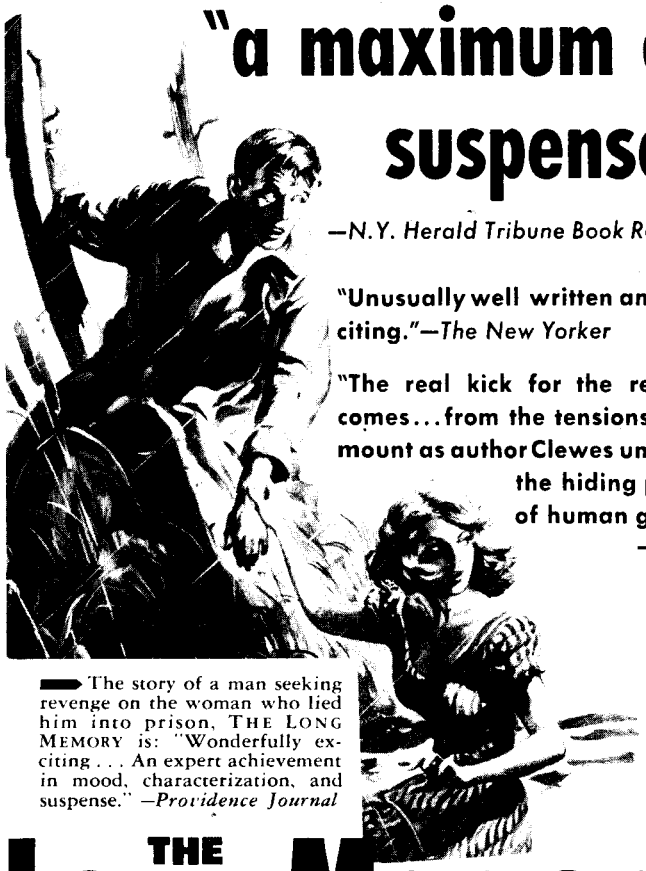
—*N.Y. Herald Tribune Book Review*

"Unusually well written and exciting."—*The New Yorker*

"The real kick for the reader comes... from the tensions that mount as author Clewes unlocks the hiding place of human guilt."
—*Time*



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TRADE Winds

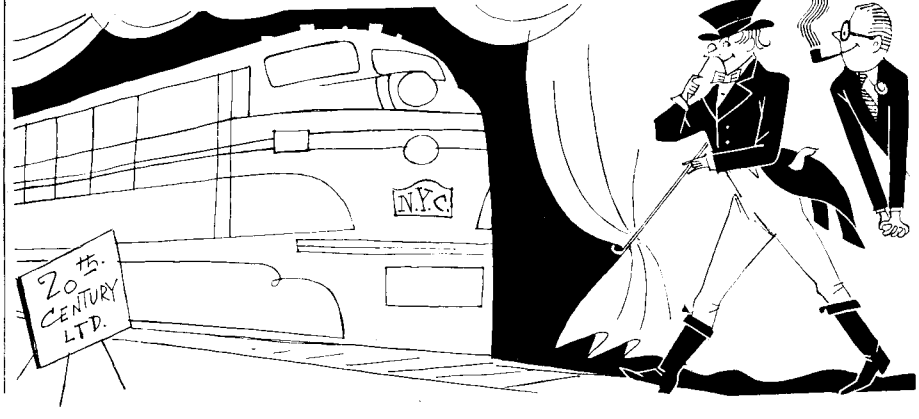
WORKING ON A RAILROAD....

SOME MONTHS AGO I had occasion to describe in this column an extremely unsatisfactory ride I experienced in an end compartment aboard the new Twentieth Century Limited from Chicago to New York. I told how the rattling and bumping of the car made any kind of restful sleep practically impossible, and I told how inadequate the dining-car service had become. In fact, I concluded—and this turned out to be the blow that New York Central dignitaries considered the cruelest—that things had come to such a pass on what had once been my dream train that in several despairing moments I all but convinced myself I was riding the Pennsylvania. This jibe, I now realize, is akin to telling a lady from Brooklyn that her new-born son and heir is a ringer for Leo Durocher. The day after the column appeared, I was borne off to lunch by a posse composed of James J. Frawley, v.p. of Central's operations and maintenance, George H. Baker, manager of passenger transportation, and Raymond F. Blosser, manager of public relations. Obviously, they were undecided whether to treat me as a friend and give me the inside facts, or wrap me in a slab of concrete and dump me into the East River. Their better natures—not to mention the Johnny Walker Black Label and the gemütlich atmosphere of the Park Lane Restaurant—won out, and I'm here to tell you their tale. It's an encouraging one.

WHEN HENRY DREYFUSS—an old schoolmate of mine at P. S. 10, Manhattan—redesigned the Century, he did a beautiful job of decor and streamlining, but nobody remembered to point out that the seating capacity of the old diners was 88, whereas his newly appointed restaurant car seated only 64. Add to this cut the unfortunate fact that everybody aboard the Century seems to crave dinner at exactly the same time, and you have a situation that calls for the last ounce of a steward's diplomacy and tact. Nowadays passengers are contacted directly the train gets under way, and an effort made to book them for dinner at staggered intervals, insuring service the minute they enter the diner.

As for riding comfort, new shock absorbers have been installed to cushion vertical action, along with improved swing hanger connections in combination with rubber coil springs of the latest type circular design to produce smoother lateral action. That's what the men said, anyhow, and how willing I was to believe them. My annoyance with the once-proud Eastern roads stemmed from realization that through either the negligence or niggardliness of management, they had been allowed to fall far, far behind the Western roads in every department of operation. If directors were beginning to see the light (even Pennsylvania is introducing new streamliners) I certainly was willing to forgive all. Maybe they'll actually get around to repairing their roadbeds some day. Meanwhile, the schedules of the Century and the Commodore Vanderbilt have been lengthened by a half hour to "accentuate comfort and dependability." That will be all right with the passengers, I'm sure. Anybody who wants to get to Chicago in less than sixteen hours and a half can fly—if the planes are running.

NEW YORK CENTRAL'S ambassadors of good will capped the meeting with a suggestion that dazzled me. Would I



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Now the Prospectus is being prepared for the Seventeenth Series; and in this Prospectus will be described all of the books to be distributed to the members during the coming twelve months. Some of these members, by the way, have been members of The Heritage Club ever since the Club was established nearly seventeen years ago. If you elect to get into this obviously-satisfied membership, and apply in time, you will obtain books like these:

The Autobiography of Benvenuto Cellini, in a large square quarto profusely illustrated by Fritz Kredel; and *Madame Bovary* illustrated with engravings by the great French painter Pierre Brissaud; and *The Pilgrim's Progress* with the water-colors of William Blake printed in full color for the first time; and Thoreau's *Walden* with wood-engravings by Thomas Nason; and Voltaire's *Candide* with illustrations in color by Sylvain Sauvage; and *The Book of Ruth* with the beautiful miniature-paintings of Arthur Szyk . . .

Yet, if it should happen that you do not desire to have any of these books, you do not have to purchase *any* book you do not want; for you are given a list of three dozen Heritage books-now-in-print—from which to select substitute titles.

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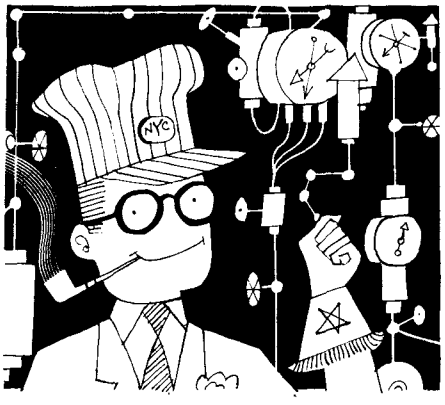
care to ride the Diesel of the Century from Harmon to Albany? *Would* I? I accordingly climbed aboard Diesel Number 4003 some evenings later, equipped with a striped engineer's cap provided by thoughtful associates and a pass that identified me, surprisingly, as "Bennett Cerf, columnist and television star," and took my place in a spotless cab between Engineer Fred Becker and Fireman Bill Cook.

Fred and Bill were all for discussing "What's My Line?" and "Who Said That?" but we soon put an end to *that* nonsense. I had to know how the Diesel was operated. I wanted the details of the "dead man's pedal" (the engineer keeps his left foot on it whenever the train is in motion; the moment that pressure is removed, the train stops automatically—a surefire safety device if anything happens to the engineer en route). I had to know the speed limits (50 miles an hour to Poughkeepsie, 75 to Hudson, 80 on to Albany). A device in the cab records the train's speed every mile of the way; any engineer guilty of speeding is up on the mat to square himself within a matter of hours.

The engineer's cab in a Diesel is several feet higher than the rest of the train. I noted that Fred Becker considerately dimmed his spotlight not only when trains roared into view on the opposite track, but when motorists coming down parallel roads were in the slightest danger of being dazzled by the glare. Best of all, Becker let me blow the whistle (two longs, one short, one long), and I certainly lost no opportunity to practise. When I returned to the diner in Albany, I found myself at a table with Designer Raymond Loewy. "Great ride, isn't



it?" I enthused. "Noisiest train I've ridden this year," demurred Loewy; "I never heard a whistle blow so much in my life." "Raymond," I told him happily, "that was I!"

AND WHAT, I ASKED, was Raymond Loewy, designer of Pennsy's Broadway Limited, doing aboard the rival Century? Somewhat sheepishly, Raymond explained that he was bound for South Bend (reached only via Central) and a dinner with another important group of clients, the Studebaker board. Loewy and his beautiful bride Viola had a surprise for the Studebaker boys, too. They had flown an entire dinner over from Paris, and it was stowed in their Century drawing room now. The next night a group in South Bend would eat a feast prepared by Maxim's in Paris two days earlier! I myself was bound for a talk at Northwestern University in Evanston, and was detoured by Miss Kari Hjermstad for a visit to the Kappa Kappa Gamma sorority house there. Maybe I was still aglow from my ride aboard the Diesel, but that certainly struck me as the prettiest galaxy of girls I had encountered in many a moon!

AT A SUBSEQUENT MEETING with New York Central bigwigs I had a chance to bring up a subject very close to my heart: the operation of the Harlem division, which winds past Mount Kisco to Katonah, Brewster, and Pawling. This division carries a surprisingly large number of publishers and editors to and from New York every working day. The line is electrified as far as North White Plains, but there, after a four to six minute delay (it seems much longer), trains are hooked up to engines that were already hoary with age when they were taken over from the Boston and Albany twenty years ago. These engines are seemingly equipped with a remarkable device that succeeds, no matter which way the wind may be blowing, in funneling the soot directly into the cars, turning a newly-laundered white shirt into a grimy mess in a matter of moments, and depositing the residue on automobiles proceeding up and down the Sawmill River Parkway adjacent. Long-suffering riders of the Harlem Division were further aggravated when the road petitioned for a 30 per cent rise in commutation fares (and was granted a large part of it on May 17). Reuben Thompson, chairman of the Putnam Commuters' Association, pointed out bitterly that "every time they raise fares $4 or $5, the directors take off four or five more trains." Furthermore, the dinky Putnam Division nearby has been Dieselized; why was the Harlem branch being treated like a despised country relative?

Frederick Baird, assistant vice-president in charge of passenger traffic, stated in rebuttal that the line's net operating income returned a rate of only 2.7 per cent last year. And publicist Blosser poured oil on the troubled waters with these promises:

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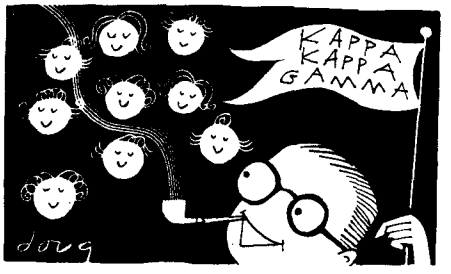
1.) The Harlem Division will be Dieselized by midsummer 1953, with the acquisition of seventeen Diesels at a cost of almost three million dollars (the Putnam Division was Dieselized first because construction of the Deegan Highway involved condemnation of the line's old engine house on Sedgwick Avenue); 2.) 80 per cent of the Harlem Division's rolling stock will be fully air-conditioned by this summer's end; 3.) the management has already allotted its 15 per cent of the cost of a new underpass at the Mt. Kisco station that will eliminate one of the worst road blocks in Westchester; work will start the moment the state coughs up its 85 per cent. (Have any interested readers got a pipe line to Governor Dewey?) Two other nuggets of information: It is impossible to bring Diesels through



the Park Avenue tunnel to Grand Central under their own power, and the cost of electrification of the line from North White Plains to Brewster alone would be in the neighborhood of fifteen million dollars. By unfortunate coincidence, there isn't much more cash than this in the whole New York Central treasury.

How did Central acquire control of the Harlem line in the first place? And how does the New Haven pay for co-use of the trackage into the heart of Manhattan? Those are questions that will require another whole column to answer—and one I'll come back to some day soon if all this railroad talk doesn't bore you too much. Meanwhile, by way of variety, Fon Boardman will write TRADE WINDS next week for the University Press Issue of *The Saturday Review*.

—BENNETT CERF.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 949)

MARIANNE MOORE:
THE ICOSASPHERE

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the birds nesting in the merged green density
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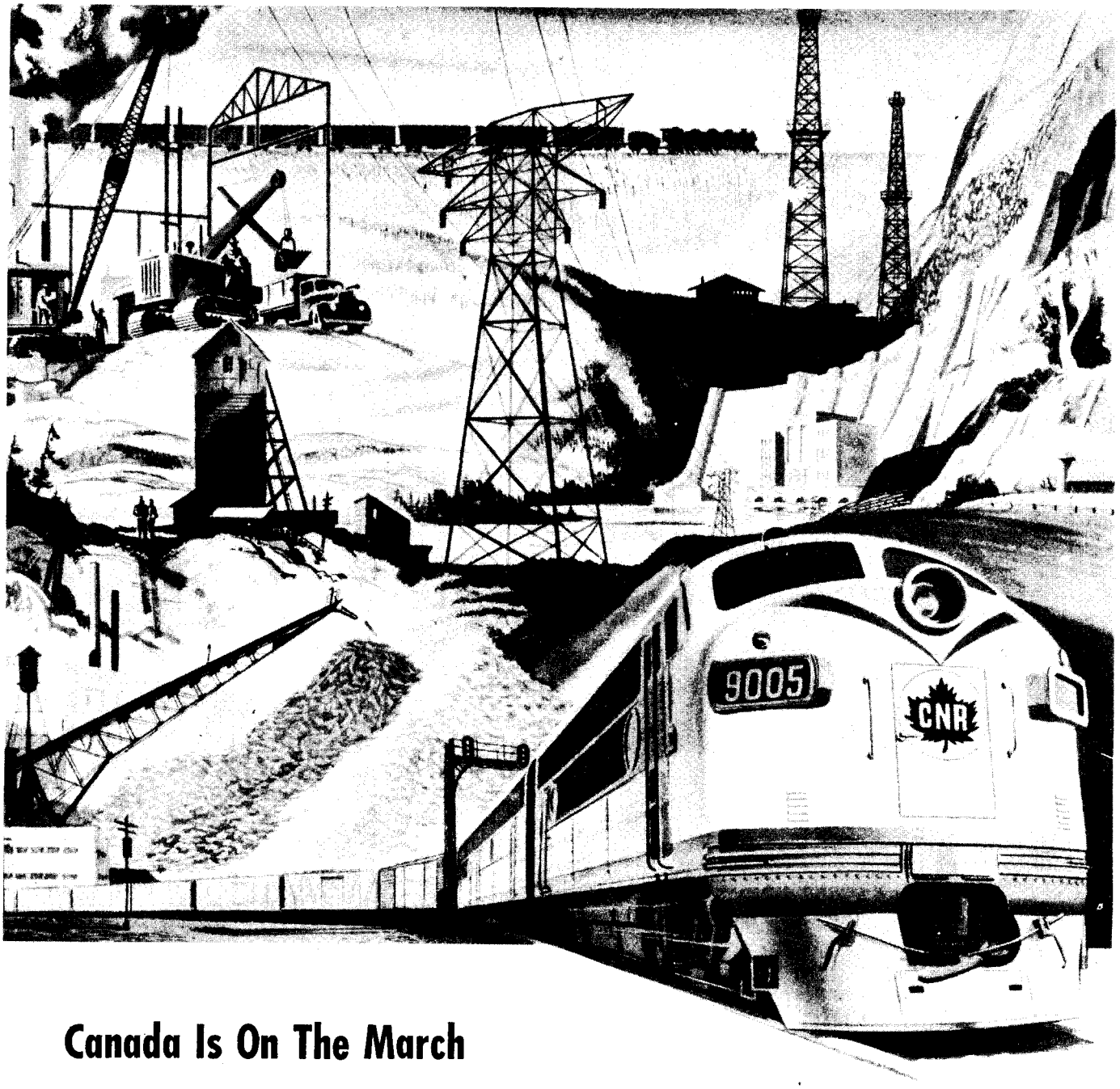

Canada Is On The March

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REPORT FROM CANADA

Canada & the World

B. K. SANDWELL

—*Clint.*
B. K. Sandwell

EDITOR'S NOTE: *North of the border lies a vigorous, young democracy which has been enjoying a flood of prosperity and a rate of growth unparalleled anywhere on earth since the turn of the century. Yet Canada remains our unknown neighbor, although new forces—political, economic, cultural, and social—are now on the move there which deeply concern the United States and the free world. Latest in* The Saturday Review's *series of international issues, "Report from Canada" is written largely by Canadians, holding their own mirror up to the world and the United States so that we may see them and ourselves through their eyes. This can be helpful to Americans, for the Canadian border prickles with problems as well as being an undefended bond of friendship between two good neighbors. Understanding often involves frank speaking. That is both the purpose and method of this issue. Greater knowledge is the indispensible solvent among nations, especially so among close neighbors in this era of change.*

WHEN a Canadian looks at the world he does so through, past, or over the United States. The people south of the Great Lakes and the Forty-ninth Parallel get in the way of his vision. He cannot help it. They always did. They did when he was a Frenchman and a Roman Catholic and they were thirteen British and mostly Protestant colonies, and even before that when they were also Dutch and Spanish and other things. He was caught between them and the North Pole. France and England were a long way off, and the Americans were next door, and on the sunny side.

Even the few years during which both Canada and the Thirteen Colonies were under the same British flag made no difference, for what the British Government did in Canada in those years was determined almost wholly by the fact that the Thirteen Colonies were already straining at the leash. Canada, as a recently conquered country with an alien population, could reasonably be occupied with a substantial British military force, and was governed as a military outpost on a continent where British supremacy might at any moment be questioned. After the American Revolution the Canadian problem for several generations was that of maintaining Canada's independence against the absorptive powers of the United States. At no time down to the present (though the absorptive effort has long ceased to be a military one) has Canada's destiny ever ceased to be dominated by the United States and its policies.

This does not imply any hostility on the part of the United States. Even the military efforts at absorption, such as the War of 1812, were conducted in the purest spirit of liberation. The people of the United States had freed themselves from rule by a European nation, and liked their liberty; the Canadians must want to be similarly freed even if they did not realize it, and would like it when liberty was conferred upon them. During the generation which followed the American Civil War the idea of political absorption by military force lost its attraction for the American people, for with the rise of tariffs as an instrument of policy it became much more profitable to leave Canada politically independent and to insure, by insisting that importation should be in the rawest possible state, that it would serve as a source of raw materials for, and a market for the finished products of, the rapidly growing industries of the United States. Again there was no question of hostility. It was merely that the American tariff did not have to concern itself about its effect upon a politically distinct but closely neighboring nation, most of whose productive and consuming areas were three to four thousand miles nearer to the United States than to any other market or source of supply. But the net result was that Canada has tended strongly to be the sort of nation that American policy has made it, and this in spite of its close political relation with Great Britain.

The rise of Russia has merely intensified this overwhelming predominance of the United States in the Canadian field of international vision. Canadians prior to 1814 were deeply conscious of needing somebody to protect them from the United States. They have never, since the United States abandoned all idea of taking them over by force, been particularly conscious of needing protection against anybody, until Russia began to loom upon their polar horizon. A generation ago they were no more conscious than the United States was of needing protection against Germany in 1914, or against the Axis in 1939—in the

B. K. Sandwell is editor emeritus of Saturday Night, *one of Canada's leading magazines, and has long been a respected figure in Canadian letters.*

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— Photo by Horace Sutton

French Canada—"very conscious of being a minority."

sense in which they are conscious today of needing protection against Russia. Russia is their neighbor; the North Pole has ceased to be a bastion and become a road. And the only protection they can look for is from the United States. Geographically they are in front of the United States, between it and Russia. Militarily they are behind the United States, for the defense of their polar frontier can be maintained only with enormous American aid. If the frontier of the free world was on the Rhine when Germany was the aggressor, it is now on the Arctic Circle in North America, and Alaska is no more integral a part of it than Aklavik and Hudson Bay. A Canadian cannot think of Russia without simultaneously thinking of the United States.

This would be a rather uncomfortable situation—this situation of being so overwhelmingly dominated by a single outside nation—if it were not for certain mitigating circumstances. The average Canadian is very fond of Americans. (This does not mean that he is necessarily fond of the United States.) Being an average Canadian, he quite inevitably has a large flock of relatives who are actually American citizens, possibly of several generations of American ancestry. He is himself a North American; the geography, climate, and natural characteristics of the continent which the two peoples jointly inhabit have exercised the same effect on both of them. He reads a vast amount of American writing, both periodical and permanent, and he does not regard it as "foreign." He knows a great deal about American politics, and probably does not think them any crazier than the average American voter does. He usually knows at least one American city better than he knows any Canadian city except the one in which, or near which, he lives; and he regards New York, or Chicago, or Minneapolis, or San Francisco, as his metropolis, in the sense of the place to which he resorts for his metropolitan delights. Nobody resorts to Toronto for metropolitan delights, and Montreal, while it purveys them better, is still a trifle short of being New York.

The Canadian, therefore, feels rather less distress than the citizen of any other nation of the free world at the fact that the destinies of his country and of the rest of that world are now pretty much in the hands of the United States. It is a situation that he is more used to than anybody else, and he understands (or thinks he does) better than anybody else the workings of the United States mind, which if they are not always identical with the workings of the Canadian mind are at least based on a very similar *Weltanschauung*.

AT this point it becomes necessary to take note of the fact that there are two kinds of Canadians, and that the *Weltanschauung* of the minority kind is a rather different matter. When any given "Canadian attitude" reaches the point where it has to be expressed in concrete national action (which never happens when it can possibly be avoided), it does obviously have to be a single unified attitude—though it does not have to be a very positive and certain one. But until that point is reached it is seldom proper to speak of one Canadian attitude; there are nearly always two Canadian attitudes, one for each of the two Canadian peoples.

These two peoples are, of course, the Canadians who speak English and the Canadians who speak French. Or it might be more accurate to say the Canadians who think English and the Canadians who think French, since a great many of the Canadians who speak French also speak English with perfect fluency, but do not for that reason stop thinking French and begin thinking English. And it is thinking that counts.

True, those who think French are only about 30 per cent of the population, but their thinking weighs a lot more, when it comes to getting a unified attitude for purposes of national action, than that percentage would indicate. They are the oldest of the Canadians; they were in Canada before anybody else was in Canada except the Indians. They are the most solid, unmixed element among the Canadians. The English-thinking Canadians include great numbers of people who have only been in an English-thinking country for a few years or a generation or two, and who still to some extent think German and Ukrainian and Italian and Polish. The French-thinking element never thought anything else but French. They have not had to absorb any foreign element of any consequence, even from modern France (much of which is quite a foreign element to French-thinking Canadians).

The French-thinking Canadians are also very conscious of being a minority. They stick very closely together because of that consciousness. They are somewhat segregated, the great majority of them living in one province, where their language is official and the provincial government likes to describe itself as "Catholic." They have a strong fellow-feeling for Ireland—though not so much for the Irish in Canada, who are their rivals within the Roman Catholic Church—and were inclined to envy the neutrality of that Republic during World War II; and their attitude in world affairs is considerably influenced by that of Dublin.

The predominant element in the attitude of this part of the population towards the outside world is dislike of international commitments—not because they are commitments, but because they can deeply affect the lives and fortunes of French Canadians and yet can be entered into without French Canadians having much to say about them, by reason of their minority position. In World War I, Canada found itself at war without any action

(*Continued on page 47*)

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Canada: Boom Unlimited

LEO CHERNE

Leo Cherne

TO Americans Canada is a wonderland, inescapably presented in travel folders with the recurrent photos of tall pines, uninhabited forests, the antlers of buck and bull moose, the crimson of the Mounties' uniform, the picturesque garb of the Eskimo on the frozen tundra. The lace doilies purchased at Victoria, the view of the Falls from the roof of the General Brock, the imposing vista of Quebec from the Chateau Frontenac, a pair of skis on the Laurentians, breathtaking Banff in the Canadian Rockies, cheaper French perfume, full quarts of Canadian Club, and souvenir totem poles hustled by the tourist through the tunnel which connects Windsor with Detroit complete the average American view of Canada.

With each month, however, reality leaves the myth of the travel folder and the superficialities of tourist impressions further behind. Three facts have suddenly persuaded a growing group in America that Canada is more than a convenient playground: the fact that the Canadian dollar is worth two cents more than the American dollar, the discovery of great oil resources in Alberta and Saskatchewan, the extraordinary and unexpected Canadian decision to do the St. Lawrence Seaway alone. Even the image of naked Doukhobers in their perennial protest against Government fades before the rushing realities of the economic giant emerging in the North.

No matter how you look at it, Canada is unique in our modern world. Its stubborn refusal to cling tamely to our apron strings shocks and impresses us. In these days of restrictions, red tape, planned economies, and economic rigidity, nothing could be more astounding and exciting than a country whose national budget shows a surplus for six years, which welcomes immigrants, which abandons exchange and import restrictions, and which places its faith in free, competitive enterprise.

The incredulity is increased by the knowledge that these emerge from a society which provides most of the protections commonly identified with the welfare state, which includes within its borders a province governed by Socialists, in which the once outlawed Communist Party by changing its name was able to elect a member or two to Parliament, which combines with minimal friction the stubborn English Protestantism of Ontario with the determined Catholicism of French Canadian Quebec.

If we sometimes feel that our own country has lost that spirit of adventure in economic matters and has been seduced by the siren song of the welfare state, we can be consoled and encouraged by the fact that our northern neighbor is pursuing triumphantly the pattern we so much admire and did so much to develop. We must also be more than a little envious of the fact that Canada was able to adopt price control, wage control, and rationing, apply them rigorously during World War II to achieve the desired results with only minor disagreements and dissatisfaction, and finally get rid of the whole apparatus when the objectives were secured.

Those 4,000 miles stretching from Atlantic to Pacific along our northern border are handsomely endowed. It is a land of fabulous material resources, and our Canadian neighbors are developing their treasures at an amazing rate. The achievements to date have been outstanding. Already Canada is one of the world's chief sources of raw materials and foodstuffs. Nickel, copper, lead, zinc, magnesium, gold, titanium, and a dozen other vital metals flow from her mines in an ever-increasing stream. She is the world's greatest exporter of aluminum, nickel, lead, zinc, and copper. Her forests, stretching over vast areas, supply 82 per cent of the world's newsprint. Her "wheat basket" in the prairie provinces is a granary not only for Canada but for many other nations. Canadian fish finds its way onto dinner tables throughout the world.

But if the present is remarkable, it almost pales beside the potential. A new iron ore empire is springing up in the waste lands of northern Canada. Railroads are forcing their way through this wilderness to carry its riches to the factories. New towns are being built to house the workers who will mine the ores. By 1954 the ore will be pouring forth from the greatest of these developments—a $250 million project on the Labrador-Quebec frontier.

Almost anyone with a few dollars to invest today casts an eye at Canadian oil stocks. The boom in Alberta ranks, at least in excitement, with any we have seen in Texas or Oklahoma. The searchers for oil swarm over every part of Canada, and some seventy companies—including most of the big

—*National Film Board of Canada.*

Building a new coke-house—"industrial plans springing up all over the country."

Leo Cherne is executive director of the Research Institute of America.

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American firms—plan to spend between $30 and $50 million this year prospecting for oil and natural gas in Saskatchewan alone. Reserves already known bring Canada to fifth rank among the world sources of oil, and much more may yet be discovered.

Development of these easily accessible resources may be only the first step. Some day it will probably be possible to exploit the famed oil sands at Fort McMurray, which are potential reserves at least equal to and probably even double the world's proven reserves.

Nevertheless, it is easy to exaggerate the opportunities for the American investor in this area. There is an old oil field maxim that is not likely to be disproved in Alberta: "More money is poured into the ground than is taken out of it." And not only in oil is this true. The search for gold and more recently uranium has already taken its toll, not only in physical hazard and geological risk encountered, but in the diminished pocketbooks of many an American and Canadian investor. But so long as the possible payoff is as large as the mines and oil wells promise, there is not likely to be a shortage of gamblers with available cash.

Aluminum is another source of Canadian strength. In 1937 Canada produced about 10 per cent of the world's aluminum. Today she accounts for one quarter. Tomorrow, a new refinery will increase her present capacity by 150 per cent. She is already the world's largest aluminum exporter, and second only to us as a producer. But with a virtually unlimited source of cheap hydro-electric power at her command she is destined to achieve over-all pre-eminence in this field.

With the threat of war hanging over us today and possibly for many years to come, it is reassuring to remember that Canada ranks with Belgian Congo as a great source of uranium. The Canadian Government is pouring millions into the development of this strategic resource. Next year a new mill in Saskatchewan, using ores wrested from the Great Bear Lake area in the Arctic Circle, will begin contributing 500 tons of uranium daily to help the free nations stay ahead in the desperate atomic armaments race.

Such examples could be multiplied endlessly. But the most significant aspect of the Canadian boom is the very fact that it has not been limited to exploitation of natural resources. Where other countries have been content to sell the output of their mines and farms in a raw state, Canada has developed, and is expanding, the industrial capacity to turn her raw materials into finished products. New

—National Film Board Photo.

Water-power for Labrador iron ore—"a $250 million project."

industrial plants are springing up throughout the country—steel mills, chemical plants, hydro-electric installations, synthetic rubber plants, the whole gamut of heavy industry. In the field of consumer goods, textiles, apparel, automobiles, electric appliances, food products, furniture, and myriad other products flow from Canada's factories.

Over-all, Canada's industrial expansion since 1939 has made even our own remarkable achievements in that period seem modest by comparison. American businessmen who can appreciate the difficulties and complexities of establishing new industries can recognize the vigor of a nation which has been able to increase its gross national product 81 per cent since 1939 (comparable figure for the United States is 69 per cent.)

American capital and American technology have made a great contribution to this growth. American investors now have a $7.5 billion stake in Canadian industry; they own or control some 2,500 industrial plants which account for almost a third of the total manufacturing. The roster of American companies with branches in Canada reads like a "Who's Who" of American business—Singer Sewing Machine, Ford Motor Company, Johns Manville, Electric Boat, United Aircraft, to name but a few. These companies and others like them have helped Canada achieve a standard of living second only to our own.

Canada's investment possibilities are only one of her attractions for American industry. She also represents a market of fourteen million people whose tastes and habits are very much like our own and, equally important, a market which is not circumscribed by a barrier of import controls and exchange regulations. Last year, America sold $2.8 billion worth of goods and materials across the border; more than to any other country in the world. Americans like to do business with Canada not only because similarity of tastes makes it unnecessary to modify standard domestic products to suit the market as is often necessary in foreign countries, but because they get fair and equitable treatment. There is no legislation favoring Canadian over American companies, no shadow of possible expropriation, no need to take local investors or politicians into partnership to protect the business. The political climate is highly favorable. The Government is sympathetic to private enterprise and pursues those conservative economic policies most comforting to the businessman.

Large credit for this state of affairs must go to the Minister of Trade and Commerce, C. D. Howe, who, Americans are proud to remember, is a product of our country. But even a change in the party in power would probably have less significant repercussions for business than a similar switch in the United States. Canadian elections do not give rise to the same doubts and uncertainties in business circles as they do in the United States, because the two major political parties agree on most economic fundamentals.

In these days of world uncertainty and rapidly shifting trade conditions, it makes sense to distribute your economic eggs among a number of baskets. American businessmen have shown their recognition of this fact by their tremendous investment in Canada. Canadian businessmen are also aware of the advantages of diversified holdings, and some of them have begun investment in American properties. This trend can be expected to continue and grow, forging another

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Two Accents, One Voice

DESMOND PACEY

Desmond Pacey

IN moments of dejection the Canadian writer is apt to feel superfluous. The libraries and bookstores of his country are crowded with the wares of American and British authors, imported books dominate the review sections of his newspapers and magazines, and the great majority of his countrymen seem to have little interest in reading him. There are only some fourteen million of these countrymen anyway, they are divided into two major and many minor linguistic groups, they are scattered thinly over half a continent, and many of them still look abroad for all valid cultural achievements and are convinced that no Canadian writer can be other than a poor substitute for the real thing. In spite of these and other discouraging factors, however, there is a Canadian literature, a literature which in many ways is distinctive and which is rapidly growing more mature and significant.

In an effort to establish this assertion, it may be well to begin with a rough sketch map of the territory before us.

The colonial period, extending to the act of confederation in 1867, produced little writing of more than local interest in either French or English. Confederation, and the national excitement which accompanied it, stimulated literary production in both English and French Canada. The skilful, if somewhat derivative, romantic nature verse of Charles G. D. Roberts, Bliss Carman, Archibald Lampman, and Duncan Campbell Scott was paralleled in French Canada by the similar poetry of Octave Crémazie, Louis Fréchette, and Léon-Pamphile Le May; and the historical romances of William Kirby ("The Golden Dog," 1877) and Gilbert Parker ("Seats of the Mighty," 1896) were parallel by Philippe Aubert de Gaspé's "Les Anciens Canadiens," (1863), Joseph Marmette's "L'Intendant Bigot" (1872), and Napoléon Bourassa's "Jacques et Marie" (1866). (I say "paralleled" advisedly, for though the development of writing in French and English Canada has shown remarkable similarity, there has not been very much direct contact between the two groups of writers.)

The output of this late-nineteenth-century generation was so impressive for an infant nation that the period is often called the Golden Age of Canadian literature. Carman, Roberts, and Parker especially made international reputations, and the best work of all the leading poets of this generation may still be read with profit and pleasure.

But if this was the Golden Age, the age which followed it, from 1900 to 1920, was the age of brass. It was, in Canada as elsewhere, a vulgar, noisy, materialistic epoch, and the writers for the most part echoed its crudities. The rough popular ballads of W. H. Drummond, Robert Service, Tom MacInnes, and Pauline Johnson dominated English-Canadian verse, and the leading novelists—Ralph Connor, L. M. Montgomery, and Gilbert Parker—purveyed sensation or sentiment, or a mixture of the two, to audiences which were numbered in the hundreds of thousands. There were quieter and more musical voices—Marjorie Pickthall in English Canada, Emile Nelligan, Albert Lozeau, Paul Morin, and René Chopin in Quebec—but they were scarcely heard in the resounding din. The age cried out for a satirist, and it found one in the outstanding Canadian writer of the epoch: Stephen Leacock. He is the author most likely to endure, not so much for the slapstick humour that made him famous as for the dry, sly satire in such books as "Sunshine Sketches of a Little Town" (1912) and "Arcadian Adventures with the Idle Rich" (1916).

It is during the last thirty years, and especially during the last decade, that Canadian literature has made the most rapid strides. There may not have been as many internationally famous names as in the two preceding generations, but the general level of achievement has been much higher and the writers have begun to come seriously to grips with the problems of their own time and place. Until 1920, almost all Canadian literature had been romantic: that is, it had been largely personal, emotional, sensuous, nostalgic, and evasive. Since 1920, in both French and English, it has been predominantly realistic in outlook, social in emphasis, intellectual in tone, experimental in form, and contemporary in reference.

The two world wars have been chiefly instrumental in effecting this transformation. World War I gave Canada self-confidence, hastened her industrialization, and taught her the bitter facts of life. As a result her writers, in the Twenties and early Thirties, set out to give her a literature commensurate with her new status among nations, occupied themselves with the social effects of the new industrialism, and dared to look

—*Karsh.*

Hugh MacLennan and Germaine Guèvremont—"predominantly realistic in outlook."

Desmond Pacey is a professor of English at the University of New Brunswick and is author of the recently published "Creative Writing in Canada."

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at things as they were rather than as they might have wished them to be. Frederick Philip Grove, Robert Stead, and Martha Ostenso produced their somber chronicles of life on the prairies; Morley Callaghan began to publish his mordant stories of social misfits in the large cities of central Canada; and in French Canada Jean-Charles Harvey, Claude-Henri Grignon, Robert Choquette, "Ringuet," and Félix-Antoine Savard produced novels similarly distinguished by their concern with accuracy and truth. In poetry, E. J. Pratt began to produce his realistic narratives of the sea, and A. J. M. Smith, F. R. Scott, A. M. Klein, Dorothy Livesay, and Robert Finch began to experiment with the techniques of Pound and Eliot and to express, in ringing protest or satirical epigram, their discontent with rampant commercialism and social injustice.

But this strong literary revival, accompanied as it was by the beginnings of a Canadian literary criticism and by significant developments in the other arts, especially the painting of the Group of Seven, was impeded by the long Depression of the Thirties. That decade turned the attention of our writers to the problems of unemployment, Fascism, and war, but the depressed condition of the publishing trade gave them little opportunity for expression. It was not until World War II brought renewed prosperity that most of their work appeared in book form. This delay helps to explain the unprecedented outburst of literary activity in Canada from 1941-51: there was the accumulated social discontent of the Thirties to express, as well as the new ideas and aspirations prompted by the war.

Whatever the explanation, the beginning of World War II was the signal for a sudden upsurge of literary production. E. J. Pratt, the leading poet of the inter-war period, produced his greatest work, "Brébeuf and His Brethren," in 1940; in 1941 two extremely promising young novelists appeared in the persons of Hugh MacLennan and Sinclair Ross; Earle Birney made his debut as a poet in 1942 with his "David and Other Poems"; 1943 brought A. J. M. Smith's long-awaited book of poems "News of the Phoenix," his excellent anthology "The Book of Canadian Poetry," and E. K. Brown's perceptive "On Canadian Poetry"; the richly evocative and deeply passionate poetry of A. M. Klein appeared in 1944 in "Poems" and "The Hitleriad," and the same year produced the equally powerful "Day and Night" of Dorothy Livesay and such novels as Gwethalyn Graham's "Earth and High Heaven" and Bruce Hutchinson's "The Hollow Men"; 1945 was the year of MacLennan's best novel, "Two Solitudes," of Philip Child's thoughtful "Day of Wrath," and of F. R. Scott's first book of poems, "Overture." Meanwhile, mainly in two little magazines emanating from Montreal (*Preview* and *First Statement*, now merged as *Northern Review*), young writers were trying their wings, and their work, experimental, sometimes naive, but always sincere and vigorous, began to appear in book form immediately after the war. A similar outburst of activity occurred during and after World War II in French Canada. An added stimulus there was the fact that the occupation of France cut the province off from its cultural motherland and forced it to rely upon its own resources. The French-Canadian novel especially developed with great rapidity, as exemplified in the work of Germaine Guèvremont (whose trilogy is available in English translation under the title "The Outlander"), Gabrielle Roy, Roger Lemelin, Robert Charbonneau, Robert Elie, and Yves Thériault. Nor was the new poetry neglected. Robert Choquette, Roger Brien, St.-Denys Garneau, Rosiaire Dion-Levesque, Cécile Chabot, and

(*Continued on page* 50)

Books on Canada

(*A checklist of volumes published since* 1950)

GENERAL

CANADA. Edited by George W. Brown. Berkeley: University of California Press. $6.50. A symposium on the contemporary scene in Canada.

CANADA'S ECONOMY IN A CHANGING WORLD. Edited by James D. Gibson. New York: Macmillan Co. $4.50. Economic problems and proposals.

CANADIAN ART. By Graham Campbell McInnes. New York: Macmillan Co. $5. A short history of Canadian art.

CANADIANS AT WORK. By Maynard Hallman and Kenneth Lawson. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $3.50. The industries and resources of Canada.

DEMOCRACY IN THE CANADAS. By Duncan Hugh Gillis. New York: Oxford University Press. $2.50. A history of government and politics from 1795 to 1867.

DOES CANADA NEED MORE PEOPLE? By Mabel Frances Timlin. New York: Oxford University Press. $2.50. Population problems and economic opportunities.

FOOTLOOSE IN CANADA. By Horace Sutton. New York: Rinehart & Co. $4. A chatty guide to the north country by *SR*'s travel editor.

GEOGRAPHY OF CANADA. By John L. and Josephine Robinson. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $3.50. Description of the climate, the people, and the land.

GROWTH OF CANADIAN PAINTING. D. William Buchanan. New York: British Book Center. $5.50. A history of the Canadian art movement.

MACKENZIE KING OF CANADA. By Henry Reginald Hardy. New York: Oxford University Press. $4.50. A biography of Canada's former Prime Minister.

THE PROGRESSIVE PARTY IN CANADA. By William L. Morton. New York: Oxford University Press. $4.75. Party politics north of the U. S.

REPORT ON THE ROYAL COMMISSION ON NATIONAL DEVELOPMENT IN THE ARTS, LETTERS, AND SCIENCES, 1949-1951. Ottawa, Canada: King's Printer. $3.50.

FICTION

THE OUTLANDER. By Germaine Guèvremont. Translated by Eric Sutton. New York: McGraw-Hill Book Co. $3. A French-Canadian trilogy complete in one volume.

RENNY'S DAUGHTER. By Mazo De La Roche. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $3. The twelfth volume in the saga of the Whiteoak family.

TEMPEST-TOST. By Robertson Davies. New York: Rinehart & Co. $3. A satiric story of the Canadian stage-struck set.

THE UNFULFILLED. By W. G. Hardy. New York: Appleton-Century-Crofts. $3. An historical romance.

WHERE NESTS THE WATER HEN. By Gabrielle Roy. Translated by Harry L. Binsse. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. $3. A French-Canadian historical romance.

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Personal History. *Like the makers of television shows, the makers of books are proving again the perennial appeal of the good men and bad of the Old West. The colorful Isaac C. ("Hangin' Judge") Parker, who was the hero of a biography by Fred H. Harrington last autumn, is the subject of another one, "He Hanged Them High," by Homer Croy, which is reviewed on page 21. Other books already in the bookstalls or due shortly include Harold Preece's "Living Pioneers: The Epic of the West by Those Who Lived It" (SR May 24), Stanley Vestal's "Joe Meek," a biography of a Rocky Mountain man who became one of Oregon's first settlers and politicians (to be reviewed shortly), and James Kimmins Greer's "Colonel Jack Hays: Texas Frontier Leader and California Builder" (page 20). . . . The West commonly known as Middle is the habitat of the unique yet universal folk James Thurber has assembled in "The Thurber Album" (below).*

Djinn Rummy

THE THURBER ALBUM: A New Collection of Pieces About People. By James Thurber. New York: Simon & Schuster. 346 pp. $3.50.

By David McCord

LOOKING backward in anticipation, it seems more than hopeless to write an adequate review of this "Thurber Album." For several days the "Album" has been reviewing me, thousands of words at a sitting, and it hasn't been too favorable, either. I was not born in Ohio. I wasn't even born in Pennsylvania near the Ohio line, though my ancestors were. I have never been in Columbus, except once long ago between the hours of 2 and 4 A.M. when I bought an apple in the old railroad station. But I'm sure it wasn't a Grimes Golden or Stayman Winesap, a Rome Beauty, York Imperial, Ben Davis, or any of the nearly ten hundred varieties which Mr. Thurber's Grandpa could identify as on page fifty-one. It was just a red panhandle apple with a high professional polish. I don't know the Ohio language. I don't even know Mr. Thurber, and the closest I have ever been to him was once in *The New Yorker* when a poem of mine was surrounded by one of his stories—a little too funny for my sober lines, though they were protected like body tissue from Uranium 235 by a suitable quantity of lead. Furthermore, it is a long time—at least ten years—since the appearance of "My World—and Welcome to It" and the personal shock of finding Walter Mitty in my shaving mirror. Of recent years "The White Deer" and "The 13 Clocks" with their more disciplined imagination have replaced the seals and owls in bedrooms and attics.

It is never wise or safe to be alone with one Thurber book at a time. I usually have several others close at hand to be certain that I can retrace my steps back to sanity if there is any call for it. Right now "The Male Animal" is handy by, and other kindred volumes. The large square size of "Many Moons" makes it the proper thing to write on, and I am using it for that purpose. If I had a "Great Quillow"—even a small one—I should place it on my knees, but I haven't. Well, once upon a time . . . as even Mr. Thurber is not above saying.

"The Thurber Album," complete with photographs of some enchanting and miraculous Ohioans, is much too good a book for the uninitiated. In the first place, as I have suggested, the world of Thurber, whether in Ohio, New York, or France, is a portable world which he carries around with him, probably in an old carpet bag. If you have not seen this world before, if you can't remember Miss Malloy in the fifth grade in 1905, the Letters of James Thurber, the Pet Department, and irrelevant things like that, some of the present "Album" is going out of that window in your mind. And that would be a pity. Mr. Thurber, more than any writer I know of, living or dead, is able to pass within a single sentence from reality to unreality, from nonsense to the sublime. He does it by a combination of osmosis and lateral passes.

James Thurber (1939)—"a combination of osmosis and lateral passes."

Who else so steadily
Progressed with logodaedaly?
No one, I answer readily.

This has always been true, but in "The Thurber Album" he begins to show himself delightfully in the open light of biographer and local historian without ever losing his sense of unbalance. For memory, timing, and a firm grasp of the haphazard, the Album is still true Thurber. For the sense of affection and even compassion it seems to offer something entirely new—something which was clearly embryonic in those French stories, "In My World." And yet, does it? I have a queer feeling that we have severally missed these traits in the earlier books—and the guarded sentiment too—simply because the universal hilarity originated with persons we did not know or could not have known. We know everybody in this new book: the Thurber tribe simply because they are all part of him; and certain others because they dwell in counterpart in our own circle, or else they are real people of whom we have heard, or met, or read. In some beautiful passages about Aunt Margery Albright—"a woman's woman, who put little faith in the integrity and reliability of the average male"—Mr. Thurber has given us a key to the chemistry of his art. "Stoughton, an earlier Dr. Munyon or Father John," he writes, "made and marketed an elixir of wormwood, germander, rhubarb, orange peel, cascarilla, and aloes. It was used to flavor alcoholic beverages and as a spring tonic for winter-weary folks." It came in what is called a Stoughton bottle. The name itself is an epithet still possibly alive, but the lively contents are what interest me here. When I think of the inside of the Stoughton bottle, I think

David McCord is the author of a number of volumes of verse, including the recently published "The Camp at Lockjaw."

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equally of a pleasant derangement of chapters, the tongue-and-groove assembly of non-sequiturs, and the final tightening of a paragraph as with a spanner.

As to the "Album" itself, why spoil it by reporting? Why bleed it by quotation? It shall lie on my shelf (he would say will) like a Thurber dog—whose prototype turns up in a once well-known lithograph. It will haunt me—like the dog's eyes—for a long time to come. I shall remember Mr. Thurber's mother, a most wonderful lady who deserved and got a genius for a son. I shall remember, as everyone will, the Man with the Pipe at Ohio State as some of us remember Copey of Harvard, Billy Phelps of Yale, Winch of Wesleyan, or Woodberry of Columbia. He was Joseph Russell Taylor; but Thurber does almost equally well by Billy Graves and one Dean Denney. I shall not forget the portrait of Grandfather William M. Fisher of Columbus, Ohio, who introduced himself to strangers in that way—"a full, resounding identification of which he was incurably fond." I could not forget Frank James and the tree on the diamond. Or Billy Ireland—the boy from Chillicothe—who "preached and practised a simple theory of his own about newspaper cartooning: 'If you can make a man laugh you can spit in his eye.' " There is much about Ohio journalism and politics, but never enough to be too much. As taut as anything is the final chapter called "Loose Leaves."

Joe Taylor is reported to have said, "A straight line can also be the dullest distance between two points." A straight line through this "Album" is about the pleasantest journey I have made in a long, long time.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT No. 468

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 468 will be found in the next issue.

CATYBRED PLNEYGACPFM

RNFX RX RL YDYFPN

WL XYNEYFX.

—HRCFRXRE KERNPRL.

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 467
That pestilent cosmetic, rhetoric.
—T. HUXLEY.

Candidate from the Sticks?

MAN FROM ABILENE: Dwight David Eisenhower, A Story of Leadership. By Kevin McCann. New York: Doubleday & Co. 252 pp. $2.50.

By KENNETH S. DAVIS

NO one has had a better opportunity to know the postwar General Eisenhower in all his aspects than Kevin McCann. Now president of Defiance College, Defiance, Ohio, McCann for five years was Eisenhower's chief assistant, first in the office of the Chief of Staff following World War II, then in the office of the president of Columbia University, and finally in the office of the supreme commander of NATO's armed forces. John Gunther reports that at Columbia McCann was in charge of Eisenhower's public relations and correspondence, that the General's trust in his assistant's judgment was complete, and that it was McCann who "had most of the responsibility for determining whom Eisenhower should —or should not—see, even among faculty members."

Hence the reader approaches this book with doubled interest. Because the author is so trusted a counselor and could (one would think) hardly fail to reveal some of his own quality in his writing, one hopes to find here a clue to the General's judgment of men in those areas for which he is less fitted by formal training than he is for commanding international armies. One also hopes to find here either a fresh portrait of the General or new angles from which to view the portrait already drawn by others—for McCann has known intimately the Eisenhower who, at Columbia, was so variously reported as to become an enigma in the popular mind, yet whose operation there provides probably the closest analogy thus far to the job he would have if he became President.

Alas, on both counts the present reader has been disappointed.

The chief self-revelations are of the author's modesty (he makes small claims for his work), his generous purposes (the royalties from his book are to go into Defiance's scholarship fund), and of his utter personal loyalty to and uncritical admiration of Eisenhower. Never, according to this book, has Eisenhower made a mistake. Never has he been intelligently criticized (none of the sharp censures of Eisenhower as college president, quoted by Gunther for instance, is even hinted at by McCann). And virtually every extended quotation from an Eisenhower speech or letter is preceded or followed by a tribute to its wisdom. Otherwise there is no indication here of the author's own personality and capacities—no clear indication, in other words, of the kind of man Ike now chooses as his most intimate working associate. Even the quality of McCann's writing provides doubtful evidence. The prose in this book is competent enough, but it's so utterly different from that of the *Herald Tribune's* newspaper syndication as to make one wonder if both versions were produced by the same writer.

Undoubtedly the book's chief value lies in the quotations from Eisenhower's speeches and letters, several of them hitherto unpublished, which make up fully half of the volume's total wordage. The selections seem to have been made more for the purpose of producing a favorable impression than for sampling with strict accuracy the General's ideas and attitudes. The "beer and hot dog" speech, with its revealing portrayal of "security" as opposed to "freedom," goes unmentioned; so do the statements opposing (if ambiguously) Federal aid to education; so does the Columbia inaugural with its dubious definitions of our "system of private profit" and of the teacher's "obligation" to support it in order to preserve "academic liberty." Nevertheless, one closes this book with a clear sense of Eisenhower's general political views and of the moral commitments by which he would sustain them.

Here, one feels, is a *good* man (in the moral sense), sweet of temper, eager to serve his fellowman, whose economic views are at least as conservative as Senator Taft's (the great schism in his political philosophy is between his commitment to our present European policy and his opposition to the high taxes and Federal controls which this policy implies), and who has been driven reluctantly into politics by a growing conviction that otherwise he would be shirking his duty. His speeches and correspondence, and the memoranda he occasionally writes to himself, give no evidence of wide reading or, indeed, of serious intellectual interests. They do reveal impressive powers of analysis, of swift decisiveness, and of strength of character within the area of his professional competency, and

Kenneth S. Davis, of Kansas State College, is the author of "General Eisenhower, Soldier for Democracy."

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they reveal a considerable widening of his mental horizons within the last few years. He is still obviously unaccustomed to thinking in terms of grand political strategy as distinct from tactical maneuvering toward limited objectives (such objectives have of course been defined for him in his past military assignments), and he often appears nervously tense with a sense of Destiny and of his own possible inadequacy as he struggles to clarify his essential beliefs about our democracy and its proper role in world affairs.

He believes himself to be a "middle-of-the-roader." Within what he defines as a "central" position he would preserve (or restore) individual freedoms by directing the maximum possible decentralization and the widest possible diffusion of economic and political powers. He is convinced that the interests of capital and labor are "essentially" the same and that our several freedoms—personal, political, and economic—are so closely interdependent that the denial of any one of them means the denial of all. At the same time he regards as "axiomatic" the fact that "liberty is not possible for one [person] except as it is defined and limited by equal liberties for others." He appears to believe that civil liberties may be seriously threatened by present trends—at least he makes one passing reference in this book to the importance of preserving free speech—but he's obviously more concerned about the threat to "economic" liberty posed by a growing concentration of power in the Federal Government.

Perhaps a clue to how "central" his political position actually is may be found in the fact that he appears to feel much less secure psychologically against attackers from the Left than he does against those from the Right. With equanimity, without raising his voice, he faces the charge of "radical" which (he claims) may be brought against his kind of "progressive" by extreme reactionaries. But he lashes out with a surprising petulance at what he calls the "screaming charge of reaction, of selfishness, of favoring vested interests" which may be hurled against him by liberals.

"He [the political progressive] must be prepared to hear himself labeled an economic Tory who fails utterly to place men above money, decency above profits," says Eisenhower in the longest and one of the most revealing quotations in McCann's book. "Such foul and lying tactics are as old as history—but they can be effective. The demagogue played his part in the destruction of Athens and of Rome."

The Liberator's Master

THE FOUR SEASONS OF MANUELA. By Victor W. Von Hagen. New York: Duell, Sloan & Pearce. 320 pp. $5.

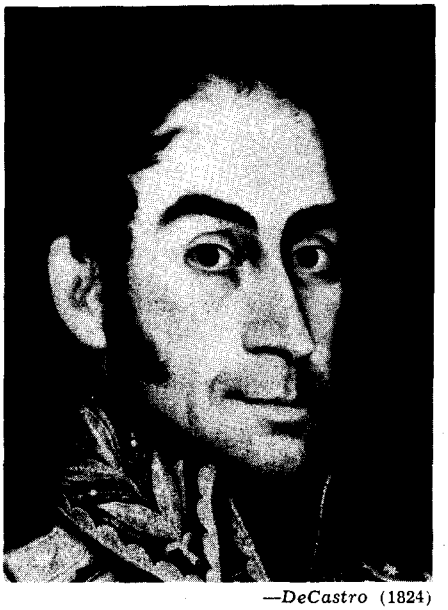
By Carleton Beals

SIMON BOLIVAR had liberated five countries from Spanish rule and was now in Bogotá as the President of the Great Colombian federation. Though only forty-four, he suddenly felt the "frost" of his years and his first uneasiness at the heartbreaking problems of orderly government, a premonition that he had won wars but not the more difficult battle of peace.

In this mood of mingled triumph and doubt, he wrote Manuela Sáenz, his mistress, whom he had alternately loved and shoved aside, "I cannot live without you . . . Come. Come to me. Come now."

For her, aside from her undying love for him, it was an opportune moment. An insurrectionary government of Peru, defying Bolívar, had ordered her into exile. After more than a thousand miles of excruciating travel over terrain as difficult as any on earth, she was installed publicly in the National Palace of Bogotá, to become his solace and savior, and the shaper of affairs of state even after the Liberator himself had been exiled and had perished.

In Von Hagen's epic of her life and a continent in turmoil, though he tells his story in intimate terms, the complicated political outlines are an integrated part of the tale, and stand out effortlessly—almost like the stark outlines of the towering Andes which provide the background setting. His colorful but restrained style is so woven with the events that the reader will hardly be aware of the endless toil and patience required to reconstruct accurately the life and character of this great and ambitious woman—through her struggles to free Peru, her life with Bolívar, her gay and glorious triumph, to her dark hours in dungeons and in exile.



—DeCastro (1824)

Bolívar—"triumph and doubt."

He would have had a colossal task even had so much evidence not been wiped out. For more than a century Manuelita has been consigned to oblivion by statesmen and pseudo-historians trying to build up a false tin-god picture of the Liberator. Such as they have tried to destroy every scrap of evidence concerning his relations with the woman who shaped eight years of his life and many of the notable events of South America. Yet in her day she scandalized a continent, because as Bolívar's most trusted adviser she had more influence on him than any other human being during the years of his greatness, and bent generals and cabinet ministers to her will.

As a result of this unpardonable "burning of the books" Von Hagen has had to paw for many years over dusty scrawled unindexed archives, national and local, Church and private, in four countries. He has missed those of Venezuela, but though important for Bolívar's life, these would have yielded little with regard to Manuela.

His task also involved arduous trips across deserts and through terrible jungles, down stormy rivers and over the icy crags of the Andes—the routes that Manuela and Bolívar followed in the great wars of liberation. As a result Von Hagen is able to picture the important differences between various regions and peoples with zest and rare sensitivity. His tale flows with equal assurance through the various social levels, from mud huts to palaces, from scurvy behind-the-scenes intrigue to lofty statecraft. All this becomes part of the warm human story of Manuela and the Liberator: the battles, bloody revolt, the terror of attempted assassination when she faced murderers and police single-handed with soft words or with guns or naked sword in hand. Even an informal picnic, thanks to Manuela's passion and prankishness, provides

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Carleton Beals has written many books about Latin America.

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gaiety, drama, and, on occasion, death.

Though it would have introduced new figures at a most inopportune moment for the dramatic climax of his story and have been incomprehensible to the average American reader, personally I wish he might have provided more details of Bolívar's final downfall. But this book by its new evidence, its rectification of glibly repeated legends, must be causing every recent biographer of Bolívar to writhe with pain. With the exception of Gerhard Mauser's fine biography, published in 1948, everything in English thus far has been mostly an easy rehash of garbled secondary Latin American accounts. Even Mauser must be rechecked in the light of Von Hagen's new findings; "Manuela" forces a far-reaching revision of the life and character of Bolívar and his times. What is needed is a combination of honest scholarship and human understanding, as in this book. The parallel with the wooden, idolatrous portraits of George Washington that long prevailed in the United States is too obvious to dwell upon.

Von Hagen is the author of eighteen books on Latin America. Some are technical, for he is a geographer and naturalist with a wide knowledge of anthropology and archaeology, but all are careful, honest books, mostly well-written and interesting. Several are brilliant and delightful. He emerges as our best scholar and best writer in the field he has chosen. "Manuela" is a fascinating and rewarding book, quite apart from its singular importance.

Eyelash of Fame

COLONEL JACK HAYS: Texas Frontier Leader and California Builder. By James Kimmins Greer. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 428 pp. $6.

By Walter Prescott Webb

THE art of biography thrives best on those characters who occupy an official position, or a series of positions, which result in an accumulation of documents and letters for the biographer to work with. It is a comparatively simple matter, for example, to write a biography of a governor, a president, a member of congress, or a commanding general because the paths of such men are strewn with all the necessary literary debris so dear to the historian. There is a category of men of lower rank, but often of higher character, whose work is well known because of some outstanding performance but was not of sufficient magnitude to produce a wealth of records official or otherwise. John Coffee Hays was such a character.

His life was divided into three parts, scattered geographically across the country. Tennessee claims his birth and early youth, for he was born there in 1817. At the age of twenty-one he came to Texas, arriving in the midst of the Revolution in 1836, and living there through the turbulent years comprising the Revolution and the Mexican War, 1836 to about 1850. At the age of thirty-three he went to California, where he spent the remaining thirty-four years of his life. From Tennessee he brought nothing but a good name; in Texas he made it famous and a byword for courage, integrity, and judgment among hard-pressed people in a desperate struggle for survival. In California Hays added a fortune to the fame he had won in Texas, founded a city, dealt in real estate, and took a turn at being sheriff, a job so trivial in comparison with his fighting experience as to be inconsequential.

The above analysis makes it clear that Jack Hays found a place in history and a biographer because of the record he made in his fourteen-year residence in Texas. Few people rate a formal biography by being sheriff, town promoter, or good citizen. The nature of Hays's work in Texas was of such character as to make the most important phase of his life difficult for the biographer. He was throughout his Texas career a surveyor, an Indian fighter, a Texas Ranger. Prior to the Mexican War his highest rank was captain of the Texas Rangers, a small group of mounted warriors whose primary business it was to protect the feeble settlement from Indian and Mexican raiders. Having the qualities of natural leadership, he rose among the frontiersmen to the top position, but the highest rank he attained was that of captain. Among his Rangers were such doughty characters as Big Foot Wallace, Samuel H. Walker, and the Gillespie brothers. With the outbreak of the Mexican War Hays was made a colonel, and the small corps of Texas Rangers was increased to a regiment. It was his men, of whom Ben McCulloch was the most famous, who actually led Taylor's army in its successful invasion of northern Mexico. Later Hays's regiment went to Vera Cruz and rendered excellent service to General Winfield Scott in his drive west to Mexico City.

What Hays's career might have been had he remained in Texas no one can say. We do know that his prestige was high, and that he had the unstinted love and admiration of the people. His chance of being elected to any office, even that of governor, would have been good, for he was universally known and loved. But there was in Hays nothing of the politician;

Walter Prescott Webb, professor of history at the University of Texas, is the author of "The Texas Cowboy" and "The Great Plains."

My Poor Love

By Mark Van Doren

KEEP up your humming, west wind, and your silly
Songs, you birds; and all you trees, half bent
With sound, keep whispering to the grass, the ground.

Keep noisy, world; yet leave one little crack
For silence to slip through you, one thin cleft,
One hollow vein that my poor love can follow.

My poor love, it cannot cry—not loud
It cannot, nor so sweet as those small sparrows,
Piping, nor so warm as her eyes, weeping.

There she waits—oh, I know where—and truly
Listens—O my love, she truly leans
And listens; for my silence here she listens.

Let it go then, wind and thunder, let it
Pass between you, songbirds, let it pierce you,
Trees, like words upon the wing—oh, these.

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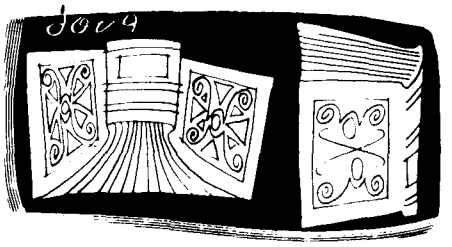

he was essentially a warrior—one of those rare warriors who refused to make political capital of his fame. Had he remained in Texas he would without much doubt have become a general in the Civil War, and had he become a general there would have been a wealth of material of an official nature for the biographer. Captains and colonels do not leave much in the way of records, and Hays was, when not in a fight, so retiring and modest that he left less than most men do.

Mr. Greer has used all the material available on Hays in each of the three states, but much of it is ephemeral in nature, and this is especially true of the Texas period. There is more from California where Hays spent more than half his life, but it is mainly the record of a private rather than a public citizen. In Texas because of his fame and lack of records Hays is and has long been a somewhat mythical character, admirable but often insubstantial. The reader feels occasionally that the author did not discriminate in his use of legendary and factual sources. One episode will illustrate: it is represented that when Hays was on his way to Texas he met a bully in a saloon at Nacogdoches who sought to intimidate the young man by knocking a drink from his hand. According to the story, Hays killed the man on the spot. I for one would want absolute proof that this story is true. For Hays to act thus is out of keeping with his character and his whole record throughout the rest of his life. Professor Greer has rendered a valuable service in making the career of Colonel Jack Hays available to the public, and the nature of his work is such as to reveal that his was a labor of love.

Personal History Notes

HE HANGED THEM HIGH. By Homer Croy. Duell, Sloan & Pearce. $4. You are sitting through a Western. A couple of adventurers start across the Indian Territory. Pretty soon there is only one, wearing the boots of his pardner. Pardner, he says, sold him the boots, and went off in another direction. Pretty soon a half-decayed corpse is found in a ravine.

(*Continued on page* 55)

Fiction. *The novel of ideas is one of the most tempting and also one of the most precarious of literary genres. Thus, Vincent Sheean, who has spent a rich and varied life as a correspondent in both hemispheres, presents the fruit of his speculation on what he has observed in the form that is most likely to be read—fiction. So does J. David Stern, one-time titan of a newspaper empire with a good many ideas he would like to get off his chest. But in both Mr. Sheean's "Rage of the Soul" (below) and Mr. Stern's "Eidolon" (page* 54*) the narrative structure is too fragile to bear the philosophical weight. More successful is "A Matter of Conscience" (page* 22*), a novel by a new German writer, Werner Bergengruen, who uses Renaissance backgrounds and characters to investigate the possibility that "the discovery of the individual" may tempt men to aspire to be God and commit* hubris *of the soul.*

Yielding vs. Yoga

RAGE OF THE SOUL. By Vincent Sheean. New York: Random House. 350 *pp.* $3.50.

By Joseph Hitrec

IT would have been pleasant to write that in "Rage of the Soul" the formidable Mr. Sheean has successfully completed the metamorphosis from own-story-teller to teller of other people's stories. He knows a great deal and has seen virtually all there is to see. But, curiously enough, those same qualities that have made his "Personal History" and "Lead, Kindly Light" so compelling—verisimilitude of life that refuses to be plotted—make in "Rage of the Soul" for an aimless fret, something of the order of an evening walk that has no destination but is done anyway for one's health. While Mr. Sheean's purpose here is important enough, the propelling force is slowed down by his self-consciousness of that purpose.

It is his thesis that disillusioned American wives need not go to India to recapture romance of the soul—need not, in fact, travel abroad at all. They must look into their own hearts instead, for that is where peace is. To score the point, Mr. Sheean nevertheless sends his heroine all the way to India. Elisabeth Redwood, wife of Charles Redwood, who occupies a minor "desk" in the State Department, takes her slow boat after being unfaithful to him. How the lapse came about is not satisfactorily explained, but we are told it was unaccountable, apparently one of those moments when the male musk sweeps everything before it. And although Charles, in his plodding kind of loyalty, has forgiven her, Elisabeth feels she must sail just the same.

In the Red Sea, the unaccountable happens again with the ship's captain, and Elisabeth is so contrite that, on landing in India, she looks for a *guru* forthwith. The sage, in turn, directs her to Santa Rosa, the most famous mystic *ashram* in India. While she passes time in that spiritual colony, vigorously resisting the notion that Light can only be attained through bodily numbness, back in the States her husband Charles stirs up an international affair by helping a diplomatic couple from a satellite country escape their masters. The scandal threatens to end his career in Washington and Elisabeth, reading of it in the Indian papers, decides to go back and help him. Whether from relief at leaving Santa Rosa or through some genuine communication with her sage, she is suddenly freed of her anxieties. "Look into your heart," the old man tells her—and when she does she realizes her place ought to be with Charles, who at that moment is about to be thrown to the wolves for the sake of diplomatic appeasement. So they meet at Beyrouth and are glad to be together again.

Mr. Sheean, however, does not think they have quite earned their happiness. There follows a long *non sequitur* in Rome in which the State Department, with some help from Charles and Elisabeth, gets its own back on the Cominform and, incidentally, shows Charles that his destiny is really back at his desk in Washington.

What it all proves is not clear—unless it is that innocence of heart, regained the hard way, is a useful thing to have around and can even work as a charm against the contemporary powers of darkness.

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The Pride of Murder

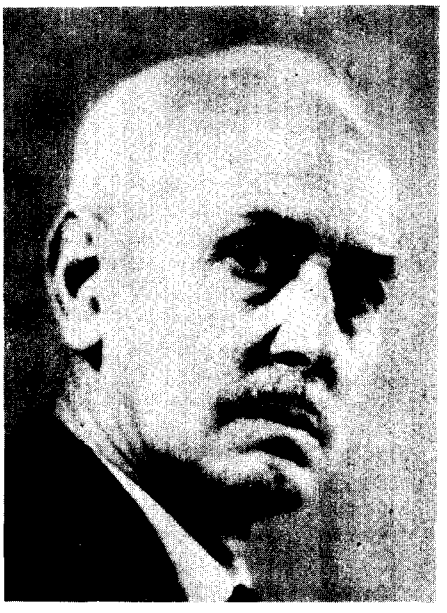
A MATTER OF CONSCIENCE. By Werner Bergengruen. New York: Thames & Hudson. 312 pp. $3.

By SERGE HUGHES

IT would be a pity if a quick glance at Werner Bergengruen's novel would lead one to dismiss it as another historical novel dealing with the Renaissance, replete perhaps with stock Machiavellian characters and intrigues. This is no ordinary historical novel. There is no bosomy heroine. There is no epic action thundering through packed pages, no endlessly colorful pageantry. This historical novel is a slow, tense story of a murder committed in a small Renaissance town, with time and leisure for long discussions on questions of jurisprudence and morality and sovereignty; a detective story with deep and disturbing metaphysical implications. It is the work of a master writer, one of the most impressive to have come from a modern German novelist.

In describing the labyrinthian hunt for the murderer of an ambassador of the tyrant-hero, in which the consequences of the dénouement are even more arresting than the solution, the author has written some of the most closely meditated pages of our time on one of the most salient aspects of the Renaissance, the heightened sense of personality, or, as Burckhardt, one of the great historians of the period, has called it, the "discovery of the individual." Burckhardt's attitude, however, was never one of overt approval or condemnation of this new sense of personality. Indeed, there is every reason to believe that he considered it impossible for us to say whether such a discovery was good or evil. The author of "A Matter of Conscience," on the other hand, sees in this discovery the constant danger, the grave danger of man's aspiration to be God. This temptation is not to be considered in simple black-and-white terms, for it is born of the unsoundable depths of man's pride. During the Renaissance it took on such an exuberant and irresistably impulsive aspect that it continues to perplex and disturb us to this day. The complexity of that aspiration in the Renaissance is preserved intact in Bergengruen's meditation. In a number of brilliant dialogues he gives different facets of that yearning for omnipotence and omniscience: in arguments concerning the nature of the state, the rights and responsibilities of the ruler, the relationship of knowledge to virtue. And to keep it from being an arid novel of ideas, he has peopled his novel with beautiful symbols of craftiness, of simple piety, of subdued malice.

Werner Bergengruen—"closely meditated."



Michael Home—"remarkable power."

Though Bergengruen imposes no easily formulated answer to his allegorical detective story, he does not fail to imbue his readers with awe for the ineradicable chiaroscuros in man which make impossible naturalistic oversimplified judgments on the condition of man. That God made man in His own image is an inexhaustible truth, and Bergengruen in creating these men of the Renaissance has shown the mysterious forces which move them to be tangible traces of a world in which nature and grace are equally real. This is the serene and noble utterance of a Christian humanist.

Home on the Down

THE BRACKENFORD STORY. By Michael Home. New York: Macmillan Co. 275 pp. $3.50.

By R. ELLIS ROBERTS

THIS quiet, slow-moving book is a chronicle of a village in England as the customs, the laws, the very structure of the country changed in the years between 1887 and 1950. The village of Brackenford in the county of Norfolk, that country of rich farm land, is typically English—as English as the Walpoles, as George Crabbe, as the grey sea and the east wind. It is a small village; not quite four hundred people lived there in 1887, nearly all of them dependent on Squire Lanfort, who lived in "the Hall." From the Hall, the farms, the cottages, the small holdings are rented. Squire Lanfort is a fair, considerate, if rather patriarchal landlord. The other largish house in the village is the vicarage, where Mr. Philmer, less tolerant than, but as kindly as, the Squire, lives with his daughter Lucilla, the heroine of this chronicle. The village has one general shop; its owner, Herbert Clarke, is a Liberal and a Dissenter: he is the spearhead of the Liberal party in the neighborhood.

When the book opens Lucilla is supervising, with the schoolmaster, the children's performance in honor of Victoria's golden jubilee. She has a talk with a boy of twelve, William Downes, son of the local dressmaker. William's ambition in life is one day to be butler at Brackenford Hall. He is the hero of this story, and helped by Lucilla Philmer and her friend, Dorothy Lanfort, retains with them until the story's end the belief that somehow there will be one day a reconciliation between the old aristocracy which reigns at Brackenford in 1887 and the new democracy which, by 1950, has done little, it would seem, for the village except ruin the squire, destroy the vicarage, and make laborers, who were moderately happy on thirteen shillings a week, sullenly discontented with five pounds.

Not the least of Mr. Home's qualities is his remarkable power to keep small his analysis of the great events which have marked the world in the last sixty years. By keeping small I mean that we have here history as it is known to the men and women who are, either actually or spiritually, bound to one place. For the people of Brackenford, for all except the renegade and the deserter, the destruction of the great oaks in the Hall park means more than the cone of red

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smoke over Hiroshima. Mr. Home does not claim that this is right—merely that it is so. I imagine, though, he would argue that in a sense these simple people are right—that destruction is all of a piece, that wickedness is of the will and has no magnitude except the insensate desire which impels it. None of these Brackenford people—except the clever ones—are stupid; they are narrow and many of them ill-informed or misinformed. The better instructed, Lucilla Philmer, Dorothy, her brother Rupert Lanfort, and Horace Philmer work hard to inform the less fortunate. Occasionally they succeed—William Downes becomes a wise and generous man, and his children belong at once to the new democracy and the old aristocracy. But even the traveled Lanforts and Philmers normally see the great world and its problems in terms of their own village, its past comforts and beauty; they look to its future needs, if it is not to be ruined by the mysterious tape-and-paper men in Norwich and London, or by the even more mysterious higher-ups. They believe, the people of Brackenford, that if they can save Brackenford they may help to save the world. Plenty of them know that they may have to go out far away from the beloved village into the strange world, to save their own place. Indeed, Brackenford itself is hero and heroine of this book. All who care for the small things of England, the odd, the lovable, the tiresome small things will find quiet entertainment in "The Brackenford Story."

Acts, Aberrations & Asses

THE DONKEY SHOE. By G. B. Stern. New York: Macmillan Co. 254 pp. $3.50.

By Pamela Taylor

THERE have been many actresses among the lively characters with whom Miss Stern has beguiled her admirers. She catches their glamour and their fallibility, the hard work in the glare of the footlights and their gay fascination in private life as few contemporary novelists have done. In "The Donkey Shoe" she adds to her theatrical gallery the entrancing Jessica Marwood.

Never a great artist and, when we first meet her, still a "promising" young actress at the beginning of her career, Jessica leaves the stage for a comfortable and very happy marriage, but returns to it when her young husband dies suddenly. One of those people who inspire intense and unquestioning devotion without conscious effort or intention, Jessica rises to stardom surrounded by the usual friends and hangers-on and a few particular intimates in whom she arouses a fierce protective sense which can easily become difficult. All the figures in this personal supporting cast Jessica can manage adroitly—the too-solicitous spinster, hired as a dresser, who threatens to become a bore, the rich admirers who have a tendency to insist on matrimony. But Jessica's little daughter Damaris, surviving child of the happy marriage, is something else again.

The difficulties of the beautiful actress with a daughter who must inevitably and inconveniently grow up are always intriguing. Awkward though it may be if the daughter develops even more beauty than her mother, it can be even more unfortunate if the Fates will otherwise. So in "The Donkey Shoe" Miss Stern takes us backstage to watch an actress who can manage her own life with a deft touch, except when it comes to being a mother. Damaris from her earliest days is a blindly adoring and hopelessly inept child. The one thing which she longs for most—to be the center of her mother's life—is the security which, temperamentally and professionally, Jessica is utterly unable to give her. At an age when many little girls are passionately absorbed in dogs or horses, Damaris is obsessed with donkeys; and she has a blundering ability to say the wrong things, to create an unfortunate scene at the most awkward possible moment.

This, then, is the dramatic problem which Miss Stern presents to us; the actress who can mirror life to the enchantment of thousands but, on this level at least, cannot live it; the daughter, frustrated in her most intense wish, who is driven to ways of life which only widen the breach between parent and child. Against the background of gay West End parties and amusing chatter, of which Miss Stern always fills in just enough with a very sure hand, the struggle between the two women is told with great understanding.

G. B. Stern has never written and surely never intended to write profound novels; but she has never failed to entertain. If the peculiar enchantment of the actresses she writes about is convincing, her sympathetic portraits of the young are just as persuasive. It is the ability to present the beguiling and baffled Jessica with as much understanding as she does the unhappy Damaris which puts on this latest of her novels Miss Stern's own inimitable stamp.

"It says, 'Didn't like this country, they sent us back where we came from.'"

Fiction Notes

THE SPENDTHRIFTS. By Benito Pérez Galdós. Translated by Gamel Woolsey. Farrar, Straus & Young. $3.50. If it were quite correct, as Gerald Brenan asserts in his introduction, that Pérez Galdós "is unknown out-

(*Continued on page* 52)

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The Saturday Review

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Our Mirror in Canadian Fears

RUSSIANS and Americans spend millions a year trying to know and instruct each other. On such things Canadians and Americans spend mere hundreds of thousands. Unthreatened Americans have in general known little of Canada, whereas for three and a half centuries worried Canadians have had to be informed and alert against wars, filibustering, and various forms of avowed annexationism—what Americans have called the fulfilment of their Manifest Destiny. Since the Treaty of Washington in 1871 Canada has not greatly feared annexation by force, but the same years have exposed her to a potent menace in the irresistible flood of American books, periodicals, films, broadcasts, and television, largely propelled by advertising, that threatens to submerge distinct Canadian existence. In that flood the cult of the present and the emphasis on change eat away the foundations of traditional, enduring values essential to national culture.

"We are indeed fighting for our lives. . . . The jackals of communication systems are constantly on the alert to destroy every vestige of sentiment toward Great Britain, holding it of no advantage if it threatens the omnipotence of American commercialism. This is to strike at the heart of cultural life in Canada." The writer of these words is not some obsessed, excited nationalist, but Dean H. A. Innis of the University of Toronto, the most respected student and interpreter of Canada during the past generation, active in American and British scholarly circles, and president of our Economic History Association and of the American Economic Association. Americans, as well as Canadians, should ponder what he has to say.

EDITOR'S NOTE: SR's *editorial page for this issue is turned over to two widely known and respected spokesmen for Canada now living in the United States. J. B. Brebner, a native of Canada, now teaches history at Columbia University. He is the author of several books on the interplay of Canada and the United States. Merrill Denison, an American born in Canada, is both a journalist and an historian.*

For Canadian fears are the best available mirror held up to the United States. Of course, nearness and fear distort, as a Coney Island mirror does, but such exaggerations force themselves on the attention when accustomed, self-interpreted reflections do not. Even if Canadians twist awry what they cannot help but see foreshortened in the United States, for Americans they come nearer than any other people to answering acceptably Burns's prayer for the power to see ourselves as others see us.

One could argue that Innis, not to speak of other Canadians far less informed and judicious, ignores successful American rejections of commercialism—for instance, the listeners to WABF in New York whose subscriptions purge that station's fine broadcasts of sponsors' interruptions, the musical and dramatic organizations across the land that evoke both voluntary financial support and participation, the book reviews that purposefully keep sheer merit in the public eye, sometimes very pointedly on the same page with the score-card of best-sellers. Yet the emotional satisfactions in all such counter-argument would take Americans' attention away from the more serious business of living up to their own best aspirations; and the Canadians provide the most convenient and accurate yardstick for measuring the failures, if seldom the successes, in that pursuit.

What do Canadians fear in us? A great deal is fear of the consequences from our astonishing ignorance of them and their circumstances, for again and again the United States has injured Canada economically either without knowing it, or with only some minority pressure group knowing it. The recent dishonoring by Congress of the freer trade policies that we have been almost forcing on the rest of the world, and, in the case of Canada, of our specific trade agreements with her, serves as vivid confirmation of the image built up by similar behavior in the past.

Another set of fears is political. Our simple assumption that Canada will view foreign policy precisely as we do has been very tactfully exposed in its simplicity by Prime Minister St. Laurent, Secretary Pearson, and other cabinet ministers, without much apparent effect on the United States. Again, few of Innis's American audience can have read quite the same significance that he did into the long sequence of military men and expansionist enterprises in American Government, but his summation no doubt brought them up short. "Under the American Constitution reliance on force has become increasingly necessary whereas under the British . . . force has been increasingly subjected to the authority of Parliament. A general as Prime Minister of England would be unthinkable . . . whereas in the United States a general as President has been regarded almost as a rule."

For a final political example, some Canadians refuse to visit the United States and more are reluctant to because of our impenetrable and unpredictable admission procedures. Canadian diplomatic protests and public agitation about this matter have had next to no publicity in the United States. As has been said in Canada, a religious sect or a trade union can command more attention. Apparently, if we want to know about such revelations of our failings, we shall have to cock an ear towards Canada.

At the moment, Canadian fears are emphatically cultural. The central theme of the recent so-called Massey Report, product of a costly, prolonged, and thorough investigation by the Royal Commission of Canadian Arts, Letters, and Sciences, was defense against the U.S.A. A recital from the Report or from Innis's pamphlet of

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what Canadians find objectionable in American mass culture would be unjustified here. Yet those Americans who are fighting against precisely the same elements on home grounds could learn from what they may read in these Canadian mirrors. They could go farther and learn from what Canadians are doing about it, perhaps most particularly from their "mixed system" of public and private agencies in communications—the national broadcasting system that often runs away with half the prizes in our serious radio awards, or the film board that does about as well. The truth seems to be that whereas the Canadians know all the worst in us, we do not know even the best in them. If we could keep our tempers about their wry reflections of us, they could teach us a lot.

—J. B. BREBNER.

4000 Miles of "Irritation"

WHILE Americans are benevolently ignorant about Canada, most Canadians seem malevolently informed about the United States. Like any generalization, this one can be easily challenged: nevertheless it blankets the subject nicely. It is based on two salient observations. First, Americans are amiably disposed toward Canada but know astonishingly little about that country; second, Canadians know us pretty intimately but with somewhat less than blind affection and esteem.

As to the first of these points, Canada is still the unknown neighbor to the vast majority of Americans: a vague, uncharted area up north important mainly for its red-coated Mounties, outdoor scenery, and libidinous moose. As to the second, one need only cross the famed unfortified border to discover strong undercurrents of resentment and dissatisfaction. It would be a gross exaggeration to describe Canadian opinion as anti-American. There are too many healthy points of contact between groups and individuals. Nevertheless, the enthusiasm is obviously restrained. What is more disturbing, the restraint is growing all the time.

This is something which should cause every thoughtful American concern. Of all the countries in the world, Canada is to us by long odds one of the most important. We are bound to her indissolubly, not alone by blood ties, geography, and a mutual dedication to democratic freedoms, but by investments of 7.5 billion dollars. She is the one country from which even the most petulant isolationist can never hope to divorce us: for better or worse we are joined together till death do us part. Yet we Americans are endangering the harmony of our Canadian relationships by treating Canada like the nice little kid next door. Our manners with respect to our northern neighbors are often as atrocious as they are ignorant.

Much of that ignorance is rooted in smug provincialism. In most American school history texts, the last reference to Canada is around 1774, the date of the Quebec Proclamation, or at best the War of 1812. On schoolroom maps of the United States, Canada appears as a vague beige blob cut off near the ceiling. How then is the average American to know that Canada is essential to our Great Circle defense

against the USSR or that we are becoming increasingly dependent on her for our supplies of raw materials?

We are joined to Canada along 4,000 miles of frontier; more nearly 5,000, if you want to take in Alaska. In point of area she is the world's third largest country—only the USSR and China are larger; in trade the third, but in population only fortieth. Her per capita productivity is phenomenal. She is the world's largest producer of newsprint, nickel, radium, platinum, and asbestos: she ranks second in wood pulp, aluminum, and gold. U. S. investments up north have now passed 7.5 billion dollars and every third Canadian dollar paid in dividends and interest comes to American investors. For their part, Canadians are helping to finance their own future by ploughing back 20 per cent of their earnings in expansion and development. In spite of this, Canadians, man for man, manage to invest more in the U. S. than we do over there. Now that technology has finally provided the means to develop the immense natural resources of the vast Pre-Cambrian Shield—65 per cent of Canada's area —there seems no limit to her future. Let her double her fourteen million population, along with the continued discovery of new oil and mineral wealth, and her potency will rival that of the United States.

This is only the prelude to the story. The American-Canadian border is the busiest in the world. Thirty million persons cross it annually, and more trade flows over it than between any two countries in the world's history: about five billion dollars annually. Canada is America's best customer; she buys more from us than all the countries of Europe or Latin America combined. Furthermore, she pays cash on the barrel-head. She has never received a cent of Lend-Lease, Marshall Plan aid, or any other kind of loan or hand-out. On the contrary, when World War II ended, she insisted on paying us in U. S. dollars for the Alaska Highway and the airfields we had built there. Added to all this, her cultural and social contributions to us have been incalculable. For eighty years she has been sending us her scientists, scholars, doctors, engineers, writers, artists, and musicians; for almost the same length of time she has been the experimental laboratory in which many great American undertakings have been pioneered. TVA and rural electrification had their inspiration in Ontario's Hydro-Electric Power Commission, as most of our inter-state agencies are patterned after the Joint International Boundary Commission, founded in 1909.

Despite the many important areas of interest, we have permitted a number of unnecessary tensions to develop. American troops stationed in Canada have behaved with regrettable arrogance on more than one occasion. The insufferable manners of many of our consular, immigration, and customs officials have helped to turn the unfortified boundary from a splendid symbol of international understanding into 4,000 miles of irritation. Our State Department has yet to be persuaded that Canada is sovereign and independent. As recently as the end of World War II, Canadian affairs were still conducted by the Western European desk, and even today our diplomats like to think that Canada's foreign policy should be a carbon copy of our own; or, to mix the metaphor, that Canada is the tail feathers of the American eagle. Our Attorney General has had the amazing effrontery to subpoena officers of Canadian companies to appear in Washington. An

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

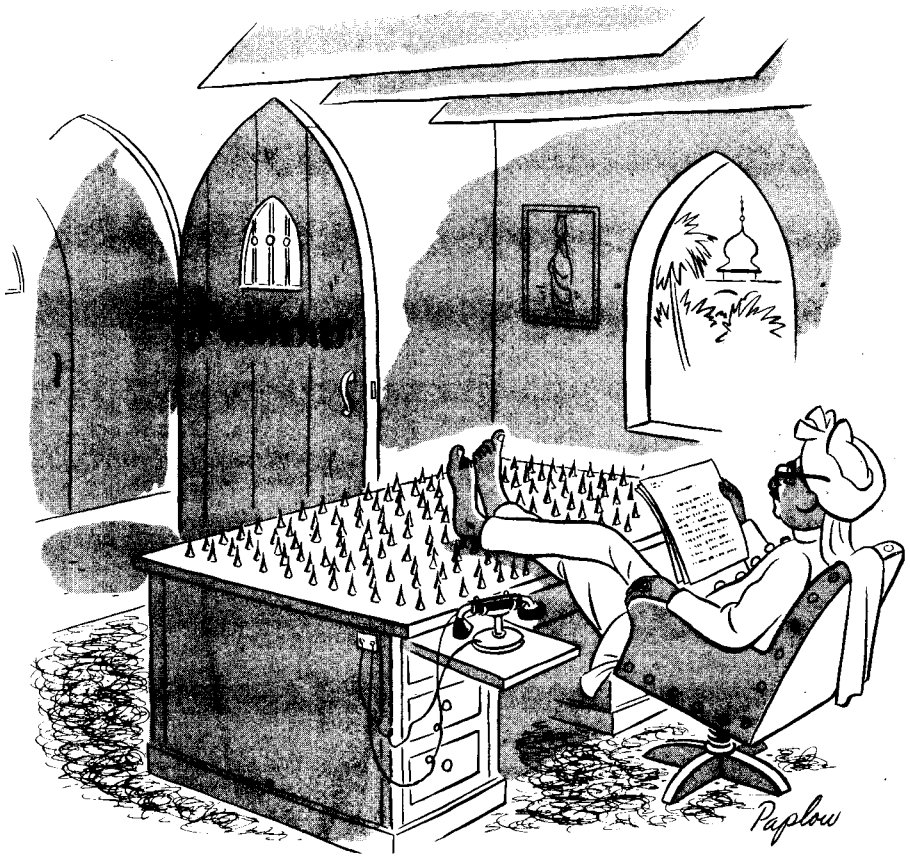
Private vs. Public Schools

SIR: President Conant's article on the private school controversy [*SR* May 3] seems to me to omit, most unfortunately, some aspects of the situation. I agree completely that the ideal toward which we should strive is free education of high quality for all the young people of our country. Some of our public schools are excellent, with fine teachers, superior equipment, and well-planned curricula. However, in other places the schools are crowded and lack funds for adequate staff, housing, and equipment. The education offered by them is not of the best.

If by paying tuition to a private school families can provide more satisfactory training for their children, is it inconsistent with our American democracy for them to do so? . . . Until all communities can provide good public schools geared to the requirements of the individual children in their districts, I think the independent school is not only an asset to our country but essential to its progress.

HARRIET SLEEPER.

Plainfield, N. J.



SIR: The private school controversy has been particularly interesting to me because of my own experiences. Five years ago I accepted a chair at an agricultural college in a small Pennsylvania town. Up to that time my children had attended public schools in a progressive New York suburb, and had enjoyed educational advantages which re-enforced the determination which my wife and I had formed to encourage them to remain in public schools until they should be ready for college.

We then bought a house in a small agricultural town, and sent the children to the local public school. I do not suppose that Mr. Conant has ever taught in a rural college, or he might have had the same type of experience. Before we sent our children to the local school we had inspected the plant, and interviewed the principal. We knew that the children would be attending a school at which all classes up to the seventh grade were distributed among various one-room school houses, without plumbing or central heating. We did not realize that the public schools in this state still used corporal punishment or that custodians and bus-drivers would be paid higher than the teachers. We soon found out.

The local school is typical of others in the area. It is a twelve-year school, no pre-school kindergarten, and with emphasis on terminal courses. It is not accredited by any group outside the state authority, and prepares for no college except the state university, or state teachers' colleges. Children who graduate do enter leading colleges, but there are very few who can do so. When we first moved here a high school teacher told us that the average local family "just hates learning." This is literally the truth. Children drop out of school as soon as state law permits. Few who finish high school go to college. It is to be expected that a member of the local school board would oppose the teaching of biology because he feels that children should learn that they were descended from angels, and not from animals.

Classes are large, and the type of teachers who can be hired at the salaries permitted by a small budget (local property owners resist school taxation) are of such a quality that they cannot keep order. I know of one person in the neighborhood who is a well-qualified teacher, with good preparation and years of experience. She cannot be employed at the local public school because the minimum salary allowed by state regulation for one of her background is more than the local board will pay. She now teaches at a private school.

The natural result of this is that classes are disorderly. Such conditions are combated by terrorizing the pupils. Children from poor homes are fined for losses of property and minor infractions. Children are beaten for misconduct. This was brought forcibly to our attention when our son, as a reward for good conduct, was asked to fetch the paddle from the principal's car, so that one of his classmates could be whipped.

The only answer to such conditions is a private school, and there are, probably as a result of the state of local schools, many fine private schools in the vicinity. My children were able to secure part scholarships in an excellent private school, and we are increasingly happy at their being able to enjoy such a good education. It may be amusing to realize that Mr. Conant's university accepts the credits of the private school which the children now attend, but does not recognize the credits of the local public high school.

There certainly is a place for private schools in this country, and there will be, until all public schools give an education which is of sufficiently high standard that all children can attend, even if they wish to go on to college.

ELMER S. REINTHALER.

SIR: Secular education as provided in our public schools has been viciously attacked and smeared as "Godless" and "irreligious" and therefore incapable of imparting "moral" and "spiritual values" by people who would do well to look at the tragic failure of their own religious education. It was high time that someone of the stature of Dr. Conant should come to its defense. That Dr. Conant's blows have struck fear upon the enemies of secular education is evidenced by the defensive and even pleading tone of Archbishop Richard J. Cushing's article.

. . . There is a statement in the Archbishop's article that must not pass unchallenged: "Fascism of every stripe opposes private schools and always demands a single State system without independent competition, or rival of any kind." This is not true. Fascism does not suppress all private schools, only free schools, and the Archbishop should know that. Hitler and Mussolini supported Catholic

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schools, and the schools supported them. Franco, Salazar, and Peron, Fascist and totalitarians as they are, have not suppressed Catholic schools; quite the contrary, the Church has gained control of all education under their rule. It is only the free and democratic school that is suppressed by the Church, the same Church that in our country demands the right and the freedom to maintain her own schools. . . .

M. NOVELLA.

Miami, Fla.

SIR: "The Private School Controversy" between Dr. Conant and Archbishop Cushing has served, if anything, to vindicate our present educational tradition. The arguments of both gentleman are cogent, and in that sense neither could win.

". . . Fascism," says Archbishop Cushing, "of every stripe opposes private and parochial schools . . . ," and it is he, I think, rather than Mr. Heely, who makes the only *legitimate* defense—if such exists—of the non-denominational private school. Any value this may have rests in its freedom of action: freedom to teach as it wishes, freedom to select texts. It is freedom not only from school boards as such and parent organizations, but from the further pressures of the Roman Catholic Church itself. Frequently the private school uses books which have been removed from public schools and libraries as a result of political prejudice; and it is only by asserting this right that we, as a culture, can maintain our moral advantage. It is the greatest advantage we have.

THEODORE HARRISON.

Belmont, Mass.

SIR: I was educated for six years in a public school and the last six years in a parochial school and that if I had it to do over again, I would rather have gone to the parochial school for the whole twelve. I'll never regret having spent my junior high and senior high years in that parochial school. It was the best thing that could have happened to me. Dr. Conant fears that parochial schools aren't democratic, that they don't teach religious tolerance. I don't know about other schools, but if we never learned anything else at school we learned to be tolerant towards others who were not of our faith, our color, or our race. As for meeting all kinds of people . . . well, I met Irish, French, Polish, English, Lithuanians, Italians, Negroes, Chinese, and almost any other kind of person you could name.

MARY I. MAHONEY.

Lynn, Mass.

Erratum

SIR: In *SR* Jan. 26 you have attributed to me sartorial qualities by printing my name as "Shaun Dandy" beneath my letter to you entitled "Errata." My name happens to be "Shaun Mandy," Editor, *The Illustrated Weekly of India.*

SHAUN MANDY.

Bombay, India.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The error arose from our inability to read Mr. Mandy's handwriting. Our apologies.*

NEW EDITIONS

A LITTLE more than thirty years ago, Carl Van Doren declared that William Dean Howells should be studied "in his total work, as the intimate historian of his age, who produced the most extended and accurate transcript of American life yet made by one man." The competent critical reappraisal of Howells's fiction that has ever since been due has not yet been made; but at least his novels, slowly, one by one, are being restored to print in readable editions. The most recent reissue is "A Hazard of New Fortunes" (American Edition of Everyman's Library, Dutton, $1.45), with an introduction by George Warren Arms.

This story of New York City at the close of the 1880's is done on a fairly large canvas, with hints of more canvas lying beyond the story's frame. In it, through various characters and relevant incidents, Howells voiced his Socialistic criticism of American society, with emphasis on the insecurity of the worker, and—through Basil March, the detached, moderate observer—stated his minimum requirement as a reformer: "It ought to be a law as inflexible in human affairs as the order of day and night in the physical world that if a man will work he shall both rest and eat, and shall not be harassed with any question as to how his repose and his provision shall come. Nothing less ideal than this satisfies the reason." But this book, called by its author "the most vital of my fictions," is far from being a tract. Its distinction, as Mr. Arms says, "is that it deals with economic problems in a fashion unprecedented in the comedy of manners." And a comedy it remains—so much so that its tragic denouement is less moving than the novelist must have meant it to be. The killing of young Dryfoos and the fatal beating of Lindau, the militant Socialist, are seen as if through a faint mist; but old Dryfoos, the crudest of Howells' self-made men—old Dryfoos, reprehensible, pitiable, yet likable, and in his own way as much a victim of the "system" as any worker—is a perfectly executed comic-realistic figure, separated from the reader by no veil. It is from the novel's characters rather than any action that the pleasure given by it stems; and our interest is heightened by the fact that we are reading of labor-management problems, then in the bud, that are now in flower. "A Hazard of New Fortunes" falls shorter of perfection than does "Indian Summer," and it is less intimately affecting than "The Rise of Silas Lapham," but it is an important, enjoyable part of the "total work" which Carl Van Doren recommended to our attention.

The reprinting of Abraham Cahan's "The Rise of David Levinsky" (Peter Smith, $3) makes available to a new generation of readers a brilliant and moving novel, first published in 1917, that has been authoritatively described as "a better reflection of Jewish life in American surroundings than all American-Yiddish fiction put together." Even readers who do not know that life at first-hand cannot fail to believe in the accuracy and justice of the story's every detail, as they fascinatedly follow Levinsky's rise to fortune, step by step, during the last years of the nineteenth century and the early years of the twentieth.

Cahan, long the influential editor of the *Jewish Daily Forward*, chose to write of precisely the sort of unscrupulous cloak and suit manufacturer whom he fought as editor and union organizer; he might have written venomously, but instead he wrote with understanding and compassion—and the result is, in its field, a masterpiece.

"The Golden Bowl," rich, crowning work of Henry James's third period—and the subtlest, most sensitive, most oblique, least fleshly tale of adultery ever written—has been reissued in a fine, fat volume with an introduction by R. P. Blackmur (Grove Press, $6.50). Oxford has performed the praiseworthy publishing miracle of putting Tolstoy's "War and Peace" in a handy World's Classics volume ($4), and even managed to include helpful notes and maps. From Macmillan: Edmund Blunden's critical study, "Thomas Hardy" ($1.50), and Gilbert's "Bab Ballads" ($1.25).

—BEN RAY REDMAN.

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SR Goes to the Movies

THE BUSH AROUND THE WORLD

AWHILE back I read somewhere that a Hollywood studio was sending a company to Africa for the filming of a western. I wonder if perhaps this news represented something of a challenge to Twentieth Century-Fox, for they have gone even farther, in terms of distance anyway, and have made a western in Australia. The movie is called "Kangaroo," and it bears no relationship either to the D. H. Lawrence novel or the animal of the same name—though, to be accurate, a couple of shots are shown of the marsupial mammals bounding through the Australian bush. Just part of the scenery. But, like all westerns worthy of the name, there are plenty of cattle in "Kangaroo." One of the major problems in the movie is to get a stray herd, which has wandered into the drought-ridden bush, back to the out-station where some watering facilities exist. This is not easy, for the forlorn and thirsty creatures can barely stagger along. There is some interest whipped up here, since the ocuntryside looks undeniably dry and dusty, and the cattle seem desperate, but since the remainder of the material is based strictly on western plot #6 I kept wondering why it was necessary to go so far in search of a location, unless the competitive factor mentioned above was responsible.

Well, this elderly ranch owner, Finlay Currie, has let the place go to seed and taken to drink because of some guilt feelings. He deserted his son, Dennis, when the lad was only ten years old, though somehow he was able to hang on to his beautiful daughter, Maureen O'Hara. Two rascals, Peter Lawford and Richard Boone, gain the confidence of the old chap and decide to do him out of his property. Lawford pretends to be the boy Dennis, grown to manhood, but Miss O'Hara is much too pretty for a mere sisterly relationship, and love wins out over quasi-incest.

* * *

Ealing Studios, an English firm in which I wouldn't mind owning some stock, has also traveled far afield, to Africa, and has come out of the interior with something that is *not* a western and that *is* consistently interesting. "Ivory Hunter" (Universal) tells a very simple story, that of the founding of a British game preserve in Kenya Colony, basing it on the career of a notable Kenyan, Colonel Mervyn Howie. This is sufficient to serve as a sturdy framework for the cameramen, who seem to have been literally let loose to make habitat studies of elephants, rhinoceri, gazelles, giraffes, lions, leopards, and what not. The noble animals are menaced by 1.) big-game hunters and 2.) an unscrupulous English gentleman who employs the natives to hunt and kill, and turn over to him any stray tusks of ivory. The game warden, played nicely by Anthony Steel, goes racing around his thousand square miles of territory in a small truck every time he sees the buzzards circling in the sky, something that happens practically every day. His wife and young son brave the undeniably risky environment with him, and show the ability of the English to have a family life and their afternoon tea even though beasts prowl in the vicinity and scorpions hide beneath the tea cozy. Should Mr. Steel find it necessary to kill a wounded and enraged elephant, he does it only out of a higher kindness, and tears seem ready to spring to his eyes as he pulls the trigger. In fact, the attitude shown throughout is consistently high-minded and, I must say, quite refreshing. There is some remarkable Technicolor photography, and the animals are absolutely wonderful. So much nicer to see them charging around than gloomily pacing back and forth, back and forth, in a zoo. Though, truth to tell, I'm thankful that I was not holding the camera. Paul Beeson and some brave assistants did that job, and they are worthy of our strong admiration.

* * *

But enough of the wild and open spaces. Ben Hecht brings us sharply back to our own civilization with "Actors and Sin," a two-episode movie that he has produced, directed, and written for the revivified and enterprising United Artists. The first of the episodes, "Actor's Blood," is a garish tale about a young lady who let theatrical stardom go to her head and indulged in some conventionally unconventional behavior. That is, she neglects her husband, has lots of extra-marital affairs, and absorbs lots of alcohol. No wonder she is found dead one morning, a couple of bullet holes in her fickle, tormented heart. Her father, an old ham actor (Edward G. Robinson), purports to know who killed her and stages one of those

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scenes in which the husband, all the lovers, and a couple of outraged wives are brought together for the solemn revelation. Turns out she killed herself, but not before Mr. Robinson spouts enough corn to bring down the market price of that vegetable. Neither the type nor the lines is amusing, and the whole episode is, I am afraid, pretty much of a bore.

But this lapse has been more than made up for by the second of the episodes, "A Lady of Sin." This is some very funny satire on Hollywood, a community supposed not to be in need of satire since it's that way anyway. Eddie Albert, an actor who in my book can do no wrong, plays a slick agent who by mistake has peddled an unread script to Empire Studio. The producer, a more imposing figure than L. B. Mayer, had missed out on "Gone With the Wind," and thinks the script he has will do just as well or better. It is then discovered by Mr. Albert that his client is a nine-year-old girl, now at work on her second original, to be called "Sea of Blood." This is the joke, and it is enough to last for three quarters of an hour. Alan Reed contributes a gem of a performance as the producer, Tracey Roberts is both attractive and amusing as the businesslike and willing secretary of the agent, and Jody Gilbert is delightful as the little girl's phlegmatic mother. The little girl herself is none other than Jenny Hecht, daughter of Ben.

Mr. Hecht, with "Actors and Sin," can thus be seen at both his best and his worst. The wisest course to follow about it might be to check the time of the showing, and calculate arriving at just about the middle.

—HOLLIS ALPERT.

SR Recommends

Ivory Hunter: Reviewed in this issue.

Under the Paris Sky: Some "snatch-of-life" episodes welded by Duvivier into a highly scenic apotheosis of Paris. (*SR* May 24.)

Outcast of the Islands: Conrad's early novel transformed by Carol Reed into a film with a full quota of authentic atmosphere. (*SR* Apr. 26.)

Encore: Another trio of Maugham short stories turned into an engaging film. (*SR* Apr. 5.)

The Man in the White Suit: Alec Guinness invents a fabric that will never wear out—with hilarious consequences. (*SR* Apr. 5.)

5 Fingers: L. C. Moyzisch's "Operation Cicero" turned into a spy film that avoids all the usual cliches of the genre and includes an abundance of the Mankiewicz sophistication. (*SR* Mar. 8.)

African Fury: A rather bizarre retitling for U.S. distribution of "Cry, the Beloved Country," with screen script by Alan Paton and starring the late Canada Lee. (*SR* Feb. 2.)

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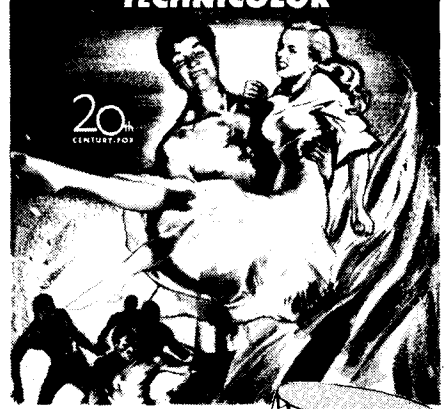

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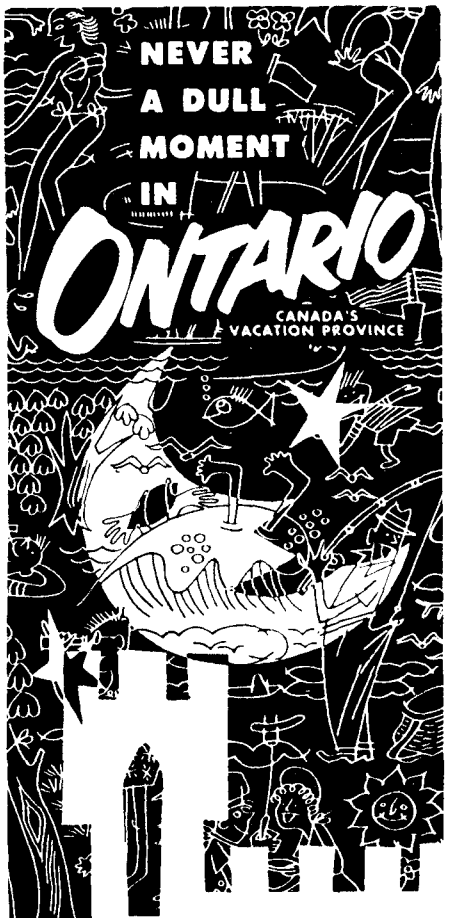

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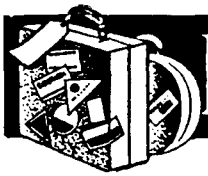

BOOKED for TRAVEL

FOOTLOOSE IN CANADA

FOR THE AMERICAN with two weeks on his hands and appetite for something foreign, one of the handiest courses is north. Heading north from virtually any point in the U. S. will bring one in due and inevitable course to the vast vacation reserve of Canada —all 3,694,863 square miles of it. It is a trip that is taken yearly by 5,000,000 Americans.

To help vacationers find their way in the world's third largest country, *SR* offers a selection of holiday ideas, with a suggestion of prices, for those with two or three weeks who live on the Eastern Seaboard, those who live in the Central States, those in the Middle-west, and the Far West. This pattern is based on the logic of geography that people will seek vacationlands in the general vicinity of their backyards. It is presented with two provisos: 1.) The pattern doesn't prohibit New Yorkers from vacationing in British Columbia or Montanans from frolicking in New Brunswick; 2.) the Canadian Government Travel Bureau says Texans really don't fit into any set of statistics; they're liable to show up anywhere.

IF YOU LIVE ON THE EASTERN SEABOARD: Newfoundland offers the greatest salmon fishing in North America. It is rugged, undeveloped, and peopled with descendants of Welsh and western English settlers who often lapse into a local patois. Their geography is adorned with pleasant names like Heart's Ease, they eat a Sunday morning dish of fish and brewis, and they develop high blood pressure if you call them Newfies. They are bugs on having the name of their province pronounced with equal emphasis on all syllables to rhyme, they say, with "understand." There are no resort hotels of consequence, but there are plenty of base camps run by outfitters who fly fishermen each day to angling sites on the Gander and Serpentine Rivers, bringing them back to the base at night. Rates run from $15 a day for the camp with meals, and you can add another $10 for guides and services.

For those not so piscatorially conscious, the Canadian National operates an unusual cruise around the island to Battle Harbor, Labrador. To get to Newfoundland in the first place you can fly to Gander aboard almost any Europe-bound aircraft or take the ferry from North Sydney, Nova Scotia, to Port aux Basques. Once on the island there is a narrow-gauge railroad which runs once a day and not very fast. There is no highway across the province, and the local folk get around by taking their fishing boats from outport to outport.

Considerably more developed for comfortable vacations are the Maritimes—Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and Prince Edward Island. Nova Scotia has an excellent road network, lots of relics of the French and British struggle for Canada, arty fishing villages, colonies of Scots who still stage highland games each summer. Top-flight resort hotels in the province include the famous Keltic Lodge at Ingonish Cape on Cape Breton Island, which has golf and a view and a magnificent nearby route called the Cabot Trail; Pictou Lodge with a beach on one side and a lagoon on the other; the Lakeside Inn at Yarmouth; Digby Pines, a big hotel with an open-air, glass-walled swimming pool and handy golf. You get to Nova Scotia by air or by night-boat from Boston. The steamer, which also takes cars, deposits you at Yarmouth with dockside connections by train or bus.

Prince Edward Island is removed, quiet, agricultural, has long, sandy, empty beaches, small farmhouse-hotels like Shaw's or Green Gables with prices as low as $7 a day, meals included. New Brunswick is something of a Shangri-la for sportsmen (wonderful fishing spring and summer; hunting in the fall), and the accommodations are notably lodges. The one prime exception is the Algonquin, CPR's full-fledged resort at St. Andrew's-by-the-sea which gets $12 a day and up. Otherwise the visitors will be mostly engaged pulling salmon out of rivers named the South West Miramichi, the Nipisiguit, and the Tabusintac. And, of course, trying to pronounce the rivers.

The Eastern American can also invade the Gaspé Peninsula of Quebec, which is dotted with small hotels of the twenty-room variety. The food is excellent, the atmosphere is French, the look of the countryside is Breton. You can poke around at Percé Rock, a mammoth boulder with a hole in the middle; see Bonaventure Island which is a bird sanctuary; watch the fisherman splitting and drying cod and the seagulls bidding for the en-

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—*Photo by Horace Sutton.*

Vancouver—"a city of youth and vigor, spreading like a grass fire into the surrounding hills."

trails; and buy bread from the housewives who bake it in outdoor stone ovens. There is a four-day tour taking in all of this leaving from Mont Joli, circling the peninsula, and cutting back up the Matapédia Valley. Anybody bent on adventure can fly from Mont Joli across the mouth of the St. Lawrence to Seven Islands, Quebec, a roaring frontier town of the type Hollywood is fond of portraying.

Montreal is big and cosmopolitan, the second largest French-speaking city in the world, where signs are printed in two languages and the trolley cars bear placards advertising "Baseball—Ce Soir." Big city hotels like the new Laurentien, the Ritz, the Mount Royal, and the Windsor, not to mention famous restaurants like "Au Lutin Qui Bouffe," where a pint-sized porker runs around loose among the tables.

Quebec City, down the St. Lawrence, is North America's only walled city, has a fleet of carriages to take the tourists trotting to the Plains of Abraham, to the Citadel, and other French-British left-overs. The famous Chateau Frontenac Hotel towers over the town like an imperious Norman castle, but there are other smaller and cheaper hotels and even pensions. Canada Steamship Lines has cruises down the St. Lawrence from Montreal to Quebec and on to the grand Manoir Richelieu at Murray Bay and the Tadoussac Hotel. Short excursions are easy to the Shrine at Ste. Anne de Beaupré and Montmorency Falls.

The woods are full of hotels and French-Canadians up in the Laurentian Mountains above Montreal. Many resorts have their own pools, offer swimming, riding, tennis, and golf, plus good fishing all with Gallic trappings. Of the provincial parks, Mont Tremblant is within easy reach from Montreal, Laurentides from Quebec.

IF YOU LIVE IN THE CENTRAL STATES: Your northern view looks out on Southern Ontario which is rather like a decommercialized part of the U. S. The roads are fine, there is a good selection of hotels, a pleasant fruit-growing belt to drive through, not to mention an attraction known as Niagara Falls. Toronto is reserved and busy, not really a tourist city except in fall when the Canadian National Exhibition takes over town. Five miles east of Toronto on Route #2 brings you to the Guild Inn, one of Canada's outstanding country inns. On a 400-acre estate atop the Scarborough Bluffs, Guild Inn offers three nearby golf courses, tennis, badminton, and a beach at the foot of the cliff. It also offers a clear-day look at the mists of Niagara Falls, fifty miles away. Rates are $4 and up for singles and $7.50 and ascending for two, meals extra, of course.

Ottawa, way up east, is handsome, carefully planned, and exudes the architectural dignity of Washington. There are fine sightseeing trips and private boating on the Rideau chain of lakes.

The resort country of this lower peninsula is in the Muskokas, a favorite retreat of Michiganders and other refugees from the U. S. Three lakes make the Muskoka chain of lakes, and all are connected by canals. The Muskoka Navigation Company sends launches and steamers and spectators slipping through the canoe locks at Port Carling, past the Indian village at the edge of the canal. Good bets: The Bangor Lodge on Muskoka Lake, Elgin House on Lake Joseph, and Wigwassan Lodge on Lake Rousseau. Adjoining the Muskoka country is Bigwin Inn on Lake of Bays, a fine layout complete with golf course and tennis courts used for the Ontario championships. For divertissement there is a relic of narrow-gauge railroad that runs from Lake of Bays to North Portage on Peninsular Lake through the heart of the bush country. The hotel, without the railroad fare, is $12 a day, American, and higher.

Those steering the family chariot can find an enchanting drive out of Detroit through Windsor or out of Port Huron over to Sarnia on the Blue Water Highway to Owen Sound, Parry Sound, and the Thirty Thousand Islands.

Those who prefer to relax in a deck chair and be steered can take advantage of the activity on the Great Lakes. Short steamer trips sail out of Toronto to visit Niagara Falls. The Georgian Bay Line shuttles between Buffalo and Duluth by way of Sault Ste. Marie. The ships of the CPR sail

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Away from the population there are places in Northern Ontario like French River Bungalows at North Camp on the French River. On the route of the CPR, north of the north coast of Georgian Bay, the French River resort has golf and fishing for northern pike and small-mouthed black bass.

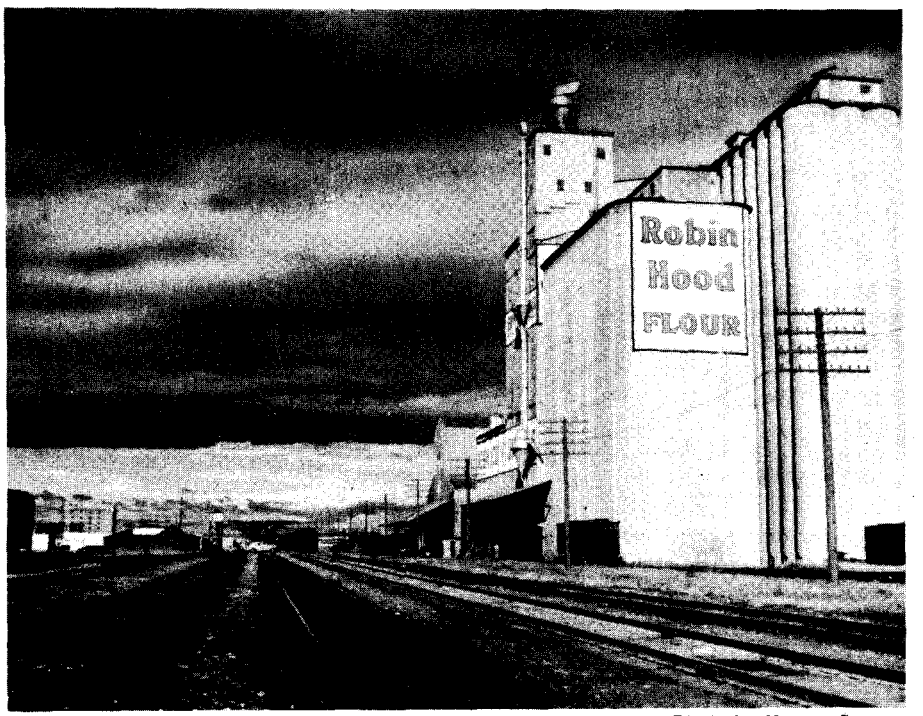
IF YOU LIVE IN THE MIDDLE WEST: It's still Ontario even way out here. Minnesotans and Western New Yorkers have Ontario as a common neighbor. In the East, Ontario is busy, but out here it is lake country and woodlands and mostly it is away from it all. The thing to do is sit in the sun or paddle a canoe or fish, or watch the Indians watch you. The lodges out here come raw and earthy or plush and upholstered. A prime example of the latter variety is CNR's Minaki Lodge on the Lake of the Woods. Minaki is a collection of carpeted and paneled woodsy-looking buildings, has a golf course, a lakeside for swimming, and another for its fishing dock. There is dancing on Saturdays. You get there by launch from Kenora. Similar is CPR's Devil's Gap Lodge, a collection of twenty-nine cottages also on Lake of the Woods. Fishing, golf, swimming, and boating here, too, with rates under $10 per person in twin-bed cottages, American plan.

Anybody who wants it more rugged can mush up to the Red Lake District in the gold mining area opened up two years ago. There is plenty of fishing, plenty of fishing lodges, and the road swings north from Vermillion Bay right to Red Lake.

If you're from Fargo it will take you six hours to rumble into Winnipeg in the family bus. Each of the Canadian railroads operates one hotel in town which you can use as a transient base before rolling off into the green acres of Riding Mountain National Park ($10 a day and up in the resorts) or the Whiteshell Forest Reserve on Manitoba's east border near the Lake of the Woods. Lake Winnipeg is famous for Lake Winnipeg goldeye, a fish of much local celebration. There are also small steamer trips up the lake stopping at Gimli where a large nest of Icelanders hold a festival every August, and at Norway House, a Hudson's Bay trading post at the extreme northern tip.

If you're bored with the usual, sign up for the Canadian National's annual rail excursion into the white whale country of Hudson's Bay. It's a seven-day, all-expense trip that departs from Winnipeg, skirts north through The Pas to Flin Flon, a rugged mining town of 12,000, and pulls into Churchill on the west shore of the bay. The train's arrival at Churchill is cause for an annual ball that may draw anybody from a Mountie to an eskimo.

IF YOU LIVE IN THE WEST: Canada's greatest resort hotels are in the Rockies. Two contiguous national parks, Banff on the south and Jasper on the north, enclose one beautiful preserve where



—Photo by Horace Sutton.

Grain elevators near Calgary—"vast vacation reserve."

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elk and bear and deer and tourists run wild and untamed without fear of being shot or trapped. There is golf and tennis amid the elk, horseback riding, swimming in outdoor pools in sight of the snow-covered peaks, dancing at night, pack trips into less upholstered lakeside camps, totem-pole scrutinizing, view watching, and such events as the Indian Days at Banff and the Stampede at nearby Calgary.

Calgary is the gateway to Banff, where the Canadian Pacific operates the great stone palace known as the Banff Springs Hotel laid out at the entrance of the Bow River Valley (doubles from $13 for the room, European plan). There are other less expensive hotels and motor courts in the area. The Banff School of Fine Arts, offering courses in art, drama, and music, is open June 13 to August 16.

It's forty miles to Lake Louise, with the Château resting on the brink of the still pool, the glacier-caked mountains to the rear. There's an outdoor, glass-protected pool to dunk in, mountains to climb, the poppies, the lake, the mountains, and Victoria Glacier to photograph. Easy climbs take you to Tea Houses at Lake of the Clouds and Plain of Six Glaciers. The mountain lodges run by CPR at Moraine Lake, Lake Wapta, and the Yoho Valley cost $7.50 per person with meals.

The Columbia Icefield Highway connects Banff with Jasper, and provides a route for bubble-topped sightseeing buses. You can stop over at the Columbia Icefield Chalet for lunch or overnight or to take an excursion equipped with spiked shoes and a guide over the glacier.

CNR's Jasper Park Lodge is a scattered collection of log lodges beautifully appointed, and a far cry from what any frontiersman might have called home. There is a lake, a championship golf course (also inhabited by rather tame bear), open air pool with the snow-covered mountain for backdrop, tours in big handsome open cars, dancing on the week-ends, and tennis. For those who want to play rough there are trips to Maligne Lake by old touring car, boat, jeep, and horses to more or less primitive camp sites in magnificent country. Jasper Lodge is on American plan, gets $22 a day and up for two people. Other hotels in the park are as low as $3 a person for the room, and cabins are anywhere from $4 to $10.

British Columbia, the mammoth slice of Canada that lines the Pacific Coast, is all evergreens, totem poles, and flowers. Projected into the atmosphere created by this combination, the tourist finds beauty both raw and cultivated with a flavoring of the

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frontier. Vancouver, whence most touring emanates, is a city of youth and vigor, spreading like a grass fire into the suburbs, and up into the surrounding hills.

It is an easy eighty miles due east, almost parallel to the U. S. border, to the polished spa of Harrison Hot Springs. One sails on the lake, takes the waters, swims in the pool, and relaxes in the lush ambiance at $12 to $14 a day per person American plan.

The corner pocket of both the U. S. and Canada also goes to play across the waters in calm little Victoria, on the tip of Vancouver Island. It is four hours by slow boat from Seattle or Vancouver and about half an hour by air. Flower pots hang from the lamp posts, roses bloom on Christmas, and it is frequently said and frequently refuted that ancient British colonels up from service in India come to Victoria to live out their pensions. Whatever, Victoria is an eminently pretty and peaceful corner with a stately CPR hotel called the Empress ($12.50 for two, European) which is covered with ivy and courtliness. Other smaller bets with views of the water are the Oakbay Beach Hotel and The Old Charming Inn.

It is common and pleasant practice for westerners escaping the heat to take northbound ships out of Vancouver, sailing up among the islands to Prince Rupert, B. C., and on up to Skagway, Alaska, with interior trips among the Eskimos planned from the northern ports. Anybody who is set on following the Trail of '98 might like to know that the John Hart Highway opens June 30, linking Prince George and Dawson Creek at the beginning of the Alaska Highway. It is an immensely scenic if rugged excursion that cuts across British Columbia and the Yukon Territory to Fairbanks, Alaska.

But whether tracking across the tundra, or hauling a jackfish out of Lake of the Woods, or feeding the bears at Jasper, or having high tea at the Empress in Victoria, or sailing through the Soo, or trotting around in a *calèche* in Quebec, Americans would find plenty to do in Canada. There would be flavors reminiscent of Scotland, old France, of rural England, of the unpaved frontier, and the open plain. It was merely a question of finding your spot and heading north. By year's end one vacationing American would have crossed into Canada for every three Canadians living there. What was sure was that there would be plenty of fish, plenty of scenery, and in the three-and-a-half million square miles, plenty of room for all.

—HORACE SUTTON.

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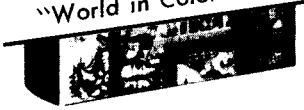

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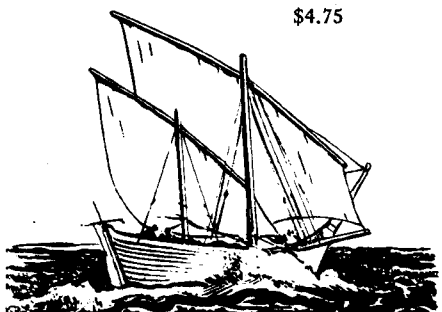

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Music North of the Border

LAURETTA THISTLE

CANADA, while still overshadowed by the musical culture of the United States, is rapidly developing a healthy musical life of its own. There is certainly lots of room for growth.

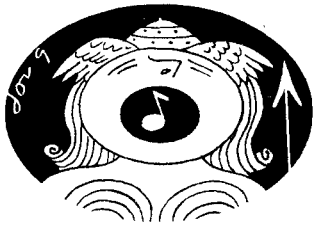
The opera we hear is chiefly that broadcast from the Metropolitan Opera House on Saturday afternoons. So great was the interest in the recent tour of the Met, on its first visit to Canada in forty-one years, that houses in Montreal and Toronto were sold out in record time. Even with seats at an eight-dollar top, 2,000 Ottawans were glad to travel 120 miles to Montreal to see "Aida," "La Traviata," and "Carmen." The Sunday broadcasts of the New York Philharmonic have a similar appeal. And booking a U. S. radio or film star such as Thomas L. Thomas or William Warfield is the easiest shot in the arm for Canadian concerts.

The stifling effect of proximity to a powerful neighbor has been worrying Canadians for generations. Ever since the days of Emma Albani we have been exporting our talent. The list includes Eva Gauthier, Edward Johnson, Raoul Jobin, Lorne Munroe, Denis Harbour, and George London. Logically or not, Canadians have sometimes exhibited attitudes of "If it's Canadian it cannot be good," and "We won't believe it IS good until Europe and the U.S.A. say so." In some circles, this feeling of inferiority has given way to a feverish attitude of "Let's support it because it's Canadian—good or bad." This is, of course, merely the obverse of the same old complex—childish, but at least a change.

In recent years, the exporting process has been slowing down, partly because Canadian radio and oratorio work now offer more engagements. But the outlook for a young artist wishing a concert tour is still gloomy, unless he can obtain the backing of one of the New York agencies with its high-pressure publicity. No artist, unless he has won a widely publicized contest, such as the "Singing Stars of Tomorrow" radio competition, can organize a nation-wide tour with much hope of success. So far there are no potent Canadian concert agencies.

One reason for this is that so many small communities buy their music from Community Concerts. In the past few years there have been complaints from some towns about the quality of artists supplied by Community Concerts, and a growing feeling that Canadian artists of equal or superior ability are available at lower fees. A few communities insist on one Canadian a year, but are usually restricted to those few on the agency's list. Some stalwart independent groups, such as the Morning Music Club at Ottawa (which holds evening concerts, despite its name), engage one Canadian every season.

If you want to find out how much composing is going on in Canada, the place to look is not in the publishers' lists or the record catalogues; publishers are still wary of venturing their money on any but short pieces, and recording companies are even more



cautious. Look rather in the "Catalogue of Canadian Composers" compiled recently by the Government-owned Canadian Broadcasting Corporation, which lists 259 composers working in Canada today. They produce music in every style.

If you discount harmless amateurs, the quantity and quality of Canadian composition are both impressive. The crop of composers born between 1910 and 1925 is particularly large and promising. The National Film Board, Government-owned producer of such documentary films as "Royal Journey," has had the good sense to hire four of these talented younger composers as full-time employes—Louis Applebaum, Maurice Blackburn, Robert Fleming, and Eldon Rathburn. This is one of the few ways in which the Government gives any sort of encouragement to music, though the Massey Commission on culture, which issued its report in 1951, approved the principle of state support. The province of Quebec has not waited for federal action; it provides free tuition at its provincial conservatory and a generous system of scholarships for study abroad.

The Canadian Broadcasting Corporation has devoted much time and money to the support of native composers. Whole programs of Canadian music are produced for home consumption, and the International Service has been so diligent in its efforts that some Canadian composers may actually be better known overseas than they are at home.

Interest in folk songs, long centered chiefly in Quebec and Nova Scotia, or among the North American Indians, has now been concentrated on Newfoundland, our new tenth province, where the tradition of folk songs goes back 300 years. Collecting these songs, which range from fisherman's ballads of local composition to Irish or Devonshire songs brought over with early settlers, is a matter of some urgency. Kenneth Peacock, young composer engaged by the anthropological section of the National Museum to do summer

Lauretta Thistle is music editor of The Ottawa Citizen.

Music in Canada

Halifax

June 23-28: Musical comedy, "Bonanza."
July 9: "The Marriage of Figaro."

Montreal

July 29: Orchestral concert by Les Concerts Symphoniques de Montreal.
Aug. 8: Gounod's "Roméo et Juliette," with all-Canadian cast including Denis Harbour and Raoul Jobin.
Aug. 12: Spectacle (in the manner of "L'Arlésienne") on life and music of Beethoven.
Aug. 19-22: Folklore entertainment: songs, dances, legends.
Aug. 26-27: "The Mikado."

Toronto

June 23-Sept. 13: Melody Fair. Season of musical comedy.
June, July: Outdoor concerts by Toronto "Prom" Orchestra, Thursday evenings.

Vancouver

June 23-Aug. 16: Theatre Under the Stars, musical comedy: "Timber" (new Canadian work), "Waltz in Old Vienna," "The Red Mill," "The Wizard of Oz," "Finian's Rainbow."

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research on Newfoundland music, reports that he and other researchers are racing against the juke box and the cheap accordion. The juke box is dangerous because it encourages passive listening to cowboy songs, and the accordion is harmful because Newfoundland singers tend to distort their beautiful modal tunes to fit the limited harmonic possibilities of the squeezebox.

So much for Canadian composers, many of whom are doing excellent work without much support. By comparison, Canadian performers—especially in groups—are in a slightly better position. Orchestral music in Canada is more and more a homemade product, since rising costs have cut down tours by orchestras from Europe and the United States. The two leading orchestras, now firmly established after years of struggle, are in Toronto and Montreal. The Toronto Symphony is under the direction of Sir Ernest MacMillan. Les Concerts Symphoniques de Montreal has an artistic director, but relies chiefly on guest conductors of the caliber of Bruno Walter, Otto Klemperer, and Sir Thomas Beecham. Orchestras in Vancouver and Winnipeg are next in order of importance. The Winnipeg Symphony, established only a few seasons ago, has made rapid strides under Walter Kaufmann. Several smaller cities, such as Ottawa, Calgary, Victoria, and London, have orchestras which give four or five concerts a season.

Excellent opera is produced in Toronto, which draws on the Opera School attached to the Royal Conservatory of Music. Practically the same personnel are in the CBC Opera Company, which broadcasts nationwide five or six times a year on Wednesday nights. So popular are these operas that in some cities local events are rescheduled to avoid conflict with them.

Wednesday night is a special night in Canada, because the Trans-Canada network of the CBC invariably reserves it for frankly highbrow programs, not necessarily music—small-scale models of the BBC's famous Third Programme. Just as the BBC has never bothered to give a name to its program, so the CBC is content with the ascetic title "Wednesday Night."

Thus, in spite of co-existent self-depreciation and adolescent chauvinism, there is a definite burgeoning of confidence in Canadian music. Maturity is on the way. A career in Canada is now the usual aim of both performers and composers, and for more and more of them it is a definite possibility rather than a pipedream.

Ideas on Film

Eyewitnessing the World of the 16mm Motion Picture

NEW IDEAS ON FILM

LIKE most of the people on earth Canadians have always enjoyed the movies, while at times regretting that few real glimpses of their own people and country were shown on the world's motion picture screens. Thirteen years ago Canada decided to do something about putting itself up for public view, both at home and abroad, and the results have been consistently successful.

The National Film Board of Canada was established in 1939 as the result of a report submitted to the Canadian Government by John Grierson, British leader in the documentary film movement. Shortly afterwards, war broke out and the Film Board was made responsible for a large systematic program of producing and distributing films, filmstrips, and other graphic materials for the Canadian Government and all its various agencies. Grierson stayed on as the first NFB director, and imported to Canada a number of Britain's leading documentary film makers to help get things going. In the wartime emergency, films were made primarily to explain the national and international crisis; but soon it became apparent that there was a greater-than-ever need for films to explain Canada to the Canadians and to the rest of the world, as well as films for pure relaxation and enjoyment. In all three areas the Canadian films have excelled in quality, integrity, and originality.

Currently the Film Board is completing two films about what Canada means to immigrants and vice versa; a Kodachrome film on Canadian wheat; a color puppet film explaining traffic dangers to children; a two-reeler about fighting forest fires with power pumps, and "Eskimo-Child," which traces the growth and development of an Eskimo from babyhood to adult life. Soon to be released in this country is the thirty-six-minute "Opera School," which follows the three-year studies of a young singer at the Royal Conservatory of Music in Toronto. Norman McLaren has just completed "A Phantasy," a new color abstraction using pastel drawings and cut-out animation with Maurice Blackburn's saxophone and synthetic music. Two of McLaren's new three-dimensional animations (which unfortunately cannot be generally shown in this country) are now being shown in London's new stereoscopic cinema. And in addition the Film Board is cur-

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Shooting "Local 100" at Ottawa—"all Canada is a studio."

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rently working on a color animation history of transportation for school audiences.

At its peak year in 1945 the NFB produced 310 short films and employed 787 people. Today the figures are decreased by about one-third. Many of the early staff are scattered around the world taking what is by now generally called the "Canadian film idea" to such far away places as Australia, Paris, India, and to such nearby places as the United States. The Board's purposes and activities are basically unchanged—to use all of Canada for a studio, for actors the Canadian people, and for subject matter the things Canadians believe in. When studio sets are used, they look as ordinary as life.

So successful are these Canadian documentary and educational films that many are bid for and taken under contract by leading American 16mm distributors, while in addition the films are well represented in "art" theaters and on TV. Through its U. S. offices in New York (1270 Avenue of the Americas) and in Chicago (400 West Madison Street), Canadian films are made available to Americans, and American films are selected for shipment to Canada to be screened and purchased for use there.

Canada's own non-theatrical distribution is in itself a model to be regarded with envy. Beginning with the free wartime circulation of 16mm films, mainly to rural areas where motion pictures had seldom if ever been seen, the Film Board has progressively turned the work over to voluntary community groups, giving advice and assistance as needed. Over three hundred film councils in Canada now promote the use of non-theatrical films, and films are circulated by about an equal number of 16mm libraries and depositories.

From time to time there have been complaints from within Canada that the Film Board is doing either too little or too much. To meet the interests of French-speaking Canadians in Quebec (where much of the criticism stems), NFB spends time, energy, and money preparing French versions of most productions. Private producing companies in Canada, of which Crawley Flms Ltd. is perhaps foremost, have so grown and prospered under the direct and indirect benefits the Film Board offers them that one cannot take very seriously the occasional challenge that the Government operation is a threat to their well-being.

Of the thousand or more short films which NFB has produced in the past thirteen years, 450 are still timely and important enough to be offered to Canadian and American audiences today. The subjects are everyday subjects: agriculture, citizenship, creative arts, geography and travel, health and welfare, industry and labor, natural resources and wild-life, sports and recreation, world affairs. The films are never as slick and sophisticated as Hollywood productions, nor are they as poetic and crisp as the British documentary classics. They are down-to-earth, they ring true. Sometimes they are beautiful, sometimes homely. They are films about people, and people like them. In each category there are titles which will go down in anybody's history of the motion picture—most notably McLaren's abstractions, Robert Anderson's Mental Mechanisms films, and now the ambitious and excellent "Royal Journey."

Canada has much to be proud of in its National Film Board, not only in terms of finished films and the good uses to which they are put, but also in terms of the spirit of cooperation, good will, and artistic freedom which characterizes the work. We can be proud that a friendly neighbor is intent on performing a service which is so directly valuable to us and which we cannot (perhaps never will) perform in so integrated a way for ourselves.

—CECILE STARR.

Your Literary I.Q.

By Howard Collins

FOR THE WHODUNIT FANS

Mr. and Mrs. F. Lansing Stebbins, of Elizabeth, New Jersey, ask you to match up the famous sleuths in the column on the left with their creators in the column on the right. Allowing five points for each correct tie-up, a score of sixty is par, seventy is very good, and eighty or better is excellent. Answers on page 53.

1. Father Brown	( ) Samuel Hopkins Adams
2. Max Carrados	( ) E. C. Bentley
3. Charlie Chan	( ) Earl Derr Biggers
4. Nick Charles	( ) Ernest Bramah
5. Susan Dare	( ) John Dickson Carr
6. C. Auguste Dupin	( ) Gilbert K. Chesterton
7. Dr. Gideon Fell	( ) Agatha Christie
8. Mike Hammer	( ) Lord Dunsany
9. Average Jones	( ) Mignon Eberhart
10. Craig Kennedy	( ) Emile Gaboriau
11. Monsieur LeCoq	( ) Erle Stanley Gardner
12. Mr. Linley	( ) Dashiell Hammett
13. Arsene Lupin	( ) Maurice Leblanc
14. Perry Mason	( ) Mrs. Belloc Lowndes
15. Hercule Poirot	( ) Edfar Allan Poe
16. Popeau	( ) Arthur B. Reeve
17. Philip Trent	( ) Dorothy Sayers
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THE FINE ARTS

UPSURGE IN PAINTING

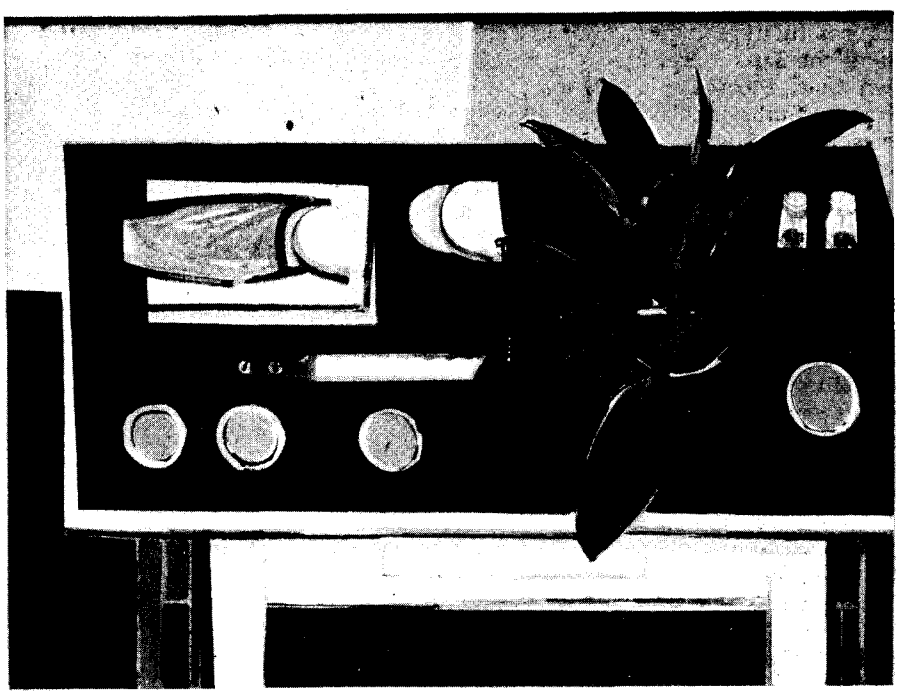
"THIS talk of the Canadian scene has gone sour; the real Canadian scene is in the consciousness of Canadian painters, whatever the object of their thought." With words such as these by the Montreal artist John Lyman, many contemporary painters in Canada have announced their rebellion against the regionalist philosophy of their nation's most famous movement in modern art—The Group of Seven, which came into being in Toronto around 1920. It would be oversimplification, of course, to consider present-day trends in Canadian art solely in terms of reaction against The Group. Yet reaction there is, and it summarizes a very real issue facing the newer artists of Canada: whether to move out into the mainstream of "modern" painting and its sources in Paris, or to attempt to create an indigenous imagery, as free as possible of foreign influences.

The Group of Seven thought they had settled this issue once and for all. Centering their activities in Toronto rather than a French-Canadian city, they dedicated themselves primarily to the task of interpreting the stark native landscape, using techniques in which elemental vigor was the most important consideration. "We felt," said one of them, A. Y. Jackson, "that there was a rich field for landscape motifs . . . and we frankly abandoned attempts at literal painting, and treated our subjects with the freedom of the decorative designer. We tried to emphasize color, line, and pattern." And here we come upon a striking difference in program between The Group of Seven and that of our own regionalists of the mid-1920's—Benton, Wood, and Curry. For the latter, "literal" painting was essential; they would presumably have regarded The Seven's art as nearly as arbitrary and "unreal" as that of the School of Paris.

In Canada, however, the pressures of European precedent were not easily to be denied. If The Group's devotion to local scene was quite as ardent as that of our Mid-western regionalists, it was expressed frequently through bold, flat forms which owe something to the lessons of the French post-impressionists and even of expressionists like the Norwegian Edvard Munch. Whereas our regionalists turned back to such remote sources as Flemish Gothic (Grant Wood) or the Baroque (Thomas Benton), those of Canada seem more closely related to recent trends in European art, despite fervent disclaimers. But the best of the works by The Seven are notable for an original subtlety of atmosphere and for boldness of design. I think especially of the landscapes of A. Y. Jackson and Lawren Harris.

By the early 1930's The Group of Seven's impetus had begun to wane. A new generation of artists had appeared, and the center of avant-garde activity shifted eastward to Montreal, though at Toronto artists like David Milne, Jack Nichols, and Paraskeva Clark maintained for that city its prestige as an art center. The aims and achievements of the newer Montreal painters are recounted with impressive sensitivity by Graham McInnes in his recently published "Canadian Art" (Macmillan of Canada, Toronto, $5). Indeed, one may form at least a partial impression of what has been happening lately in contemporary Canadian painting by comparing the text and plates of this book with those in William Colgate's "Canadian Art, Its Origin and Development," published ten years earlier. In Mr. Colgate's volume the emphasis is on what must look like academic verisimilitude to the advanced Montreal artists of today. An institutional weight is felt, as though many of the painters were clinging to established techniques and themes with an eye to official approval by the numerous and venerable art societies of their country.

In Mr. McInnes's book, on the contrary, the plates of pictures by men like Alfred Pellan, P-E. Borduas, and Jacques de Tonnancour reveal that these younger Montrealers have taken their point of departure from the leaders of the School of Paris, especially Picasso. And in contrast to the older generation's alliance with conservative art organizations, the newer men have apparently developed the kind of independent ambiance which has proved so productive for their counterparts in Paris. "Their movement," writes Mr. McInnes, "was launched by the critics with full Gallic fervor. It included readings out of the party, and death, (more or less) by ostracism, to deviationists, academes, and regionalists. The young camp-followers regarded Pellan as their champion, and Lyman as a benevolent uncle; and they emerged from the studios and the Ecole des Beaux-Arts with a determination to found their own school. This intention, aided and abetted by the writers, was as deliberate and as well publicized as the Group of Seven's had been twenty years earlier. But in the case of the Montrealers, the masters were to be, not the rock and



—*Art Gallery of Toronto.*

"Black Table and Rubber Plant," by Jacques de Tonnancour.

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—*National Gallery of Canada.*

"Gitseguiklas Village," by A. Y. Jackson.

the lake and the pine, but the smouldering violence of Rouault, the limpid color and incomparable slithery line of Matisse, and the sure-footed acrobatics of Picasso."

It is apparent from this description that Paris rather than London has become the focal point of the newer Canadian artists' ambitions, even though postwar British art is showing more vigor and originality than in many years. In Canada the tug-of-war between Latin and Anglo-Saxon traditions in the fine arts must, I suppose, be especially acute. Perhaps it will one day be settled by the sort of fruitful capitulation which made Constable the hero of Delacroix or, in our own time, Picasso the guidepost for Graham Sutherland's original discoveries as an English painter. At any rate, for the time being the newer artists of Quebec province seem definitely to have chosen France over England, and Mr. McInnes declares: "But it was not until the return of Alfred Pellan from France in 1939 that the younger generation of Montreal painters found a spokesman who, in addition to being something of an *enfant terrible,* was also a virtuoso sufficiently gifted to convince them that what was needed to offset the now respectable enthusiams of the Group of Seven was the adaptation of the discoveries of the School of Paris to the traditional Quebec skill in the plastic arts."

Whether the postwar Montreal school will succeed in this adaptation, whether it will gain in strength and authority, whether it will produce a figure comparable in individual talent to nineteenth-century Canada's Cornelius Krieghoff—these are questions which cannot at this early juncture be answered with certainty. But the new Montreal school has already produced a number of interesting pictures, the technical level is high, the spirit of exploration intense and valid. Moreover, the art scene there is enlivened by intra-mural rivalry. While Pellan continues to be the leader of the group whose gods are the older men of the School of Paris, P-E. Borduas has become the apostle of a stress on spontaneity, not unrelated to surrealism's example, which has earned for him and his follower's the label "automatistes."

IN the art of our time primitivism has played a vital role, and no discussion of contemporary Canadian art, even one so sketchy as this, would be complete without mention of the naive artists of the Murray Bay region. Possibly the folk art of these untrained painters will one day mean as much to the professionals of eastern Canada as did the magnificent totem poles of British Columbia to members of Toronto's Group of Seven. Already the painters of the Quebec village have been admired in our own country, and their most effective patron is not a Canadian but the American artist and teacher Patrick Morgan. In the the best of the pictures Mr. Morgan has collected there is an exceptional lyric excitement, proving once more that formal learning is a hurdle the instinctive artist can take in his awesome stride.

—JAMES THRALL SOBY.

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Aragon in Italy

RIBERA. By Elizabeth Du Gue Trapier. New York: Hispanic Society of America. 306 pp. $9.

By S. Lane Faison, Jr.

THIS is the first monograph in English on the painter José de Ribera (1591-1652), the Spanish contemporary of Velasquez whose entire career evolved in Naples. It provides a fully documented biography (minus colorful legend), a valuable chronological study of his many paintings and few etchings, a bibliography, notes, and index. The 177 illustrations, none of them in color, are of disappointing quality for so expensive a volume; only the etchings provide a fair showing. Although the plates are scattered through the text they seldom come at the right place, so that their usefulness is somewhat less than if they had been gathered at the back. No dimensions are given for any of the works, an omission which seems a serious one in this kind of scholarly enterprise. If anything is said about Ribera's drawings, I missed it.

The present reviewer can make no claim to specialized knowledge of Ribera, and must therefore leave to others all questions of attribution and rejection covered by this book. The text adds up, however, to a very consistent picture of Ribera's output. In cold truth, Ribera was altogether too consistent. He developed a single theme: the aged saint in ecstasy, whether of martyrdom or of contemplation. St. Bartholomew and St. Jerome are the poles of his orbit. Departures from this course come mostly in the late 1630's, when, under the strong influence of Guercino, he attempted more optimistic and more operatic raptures, supporting them with a blonder and more colorful palette. But after that brief interlude he returned, *da capo*, to his original theme and to his dark colors.

It is tempting to call Ribera a kind of old skin factory. He was seldom able to compose a group of more than two figures. He is chiefly memorable for heads, torsos, and hands; and in these he often achieved a massive baroque grandeur in his own personal way. To put it less technically: Ribera intensified life by his art when he kept his themes to a modest scope. Venturing less, he gained more.

The most unusual Ribera is the "Clubfooted Boy" in the Louvre. If this marvelous proto-Manet is not his masterpiece—and I think it is—it is certainly his most Spanish work. Contrast Caravaggio's "Boy with a Lizard," for example. Unfortunately, this monograph fails to explore sufficiently the interesting problems of national idioms which Ribera's career would seem to suggest. Naples was under Spanish dominion, and its Spanish viceroys were among Ribera's patrons. Its culture, however, was South Italian mixed, in painting, with a powerful North Italian strain injected by Caravaggio when he came to Naples via Rome. It is not enough to say, as the author does of one of Ribera's works, that his Spanish sentiment results from "a combination of brutal realism with intense mysticism." This abstraction would also apply to Crivelli, to Grünewald, and to Rouault. One needs to go much deeper into the roots of Spanish art, but no such analysis is attempted here. Spanish sculpture, which could yield many secrets, gets only a single reference.

It appears that the author's main frames of reference are description, chronology, and influences. In all this machinery the artist Ribera gets lost from sight. I recall a brilliant series of introductory lectures which Henri Foçillon gave at Yale on the chronology of Romanesque art and the influences to which it was subject. At the end of them he said, "This is where we begin the study of Romanesque art."

Any study of the *art* of Ribera would be a foolish one, however, if it was not based on the sound scholarship contained in Elizabeth Du Gue Trapier's monograph.

"The Holy Family with St. Catherine," by Ribera.

S. Lane Faison, Jr. is chairman of the art department of Williams College.

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Craft of Freemen

AMERICAN FURNITURE: Queen Anne and Chippendale Periods. By Joseph Downs. New York: Macmillan Co. 401 pp. $17.50.

By CATHARINE OGLESBY

EVERY American is a collector. You find it difficult to discover a youngster whose pocket does not cherish a stamp, coin, shell, pebble, or tadpole. As birthdays pass this acquisitive urge advances to things of greater monetary value. For more than a century the fine arts and the crafts of England, Europe, and the Orient have attracted the American collector. Now the heritage of beauty bequeathed by the craftsmen who worked in our own land is receiving the recognition it deserves. With this interest in things made in America there has arisen a curiosity about the way of life established here three hundred years ago by a few shiploads of brave folk who from a savage land built a prosperous republic.

The museum recently opened by Henry Francis DuPont at Winterthur, Delaware, is a mural of two centuries of life in America, definitive in scope, authentic in performance, delightfully intimate in detail. From this extensive collection the curator of the museum, Joseph Downs, has selected the furnishings of the Queen Anne and Chippendale periods as the subject of one of the finest books yet published on the work of the Colonial craftsman.

In the foreword, Henry Francis DuPont naively confesses that he delights in sharing his spoils. But there is a difference here. For, in opening the Winterthur Museum and in sponsoring this book, Mr. DuPont is not merely yielding to a collector's vanity, he is performing a genuine service to all who appreciate and desire to possess beautiful things. Mr. Downs continues on this informal note by humorously stating in his preface that although his book is titled, "American Furniture, Queen Anne and Chippendale Periods," none of the furniture discussed was made in the time of Queen Anne, nor was any of it made by Mr. Chippendale. It is American, eighteenth-century.

However, to denounce the work of the American craftsman because it had foreign ancestry is to deny tradition. Art comes to new lands from countries that are older. The Elizabethan drama was preceded by the Roman; the Renaissance in Europe was a rebirth of the culture of the Greeks; sculptors gratefully avow their debt to Praxiteles, as do painters to Cezanne. It is not the fact that one inherits that matters, but what one does with that inheritance. And when they accepted the tuition of their mother country, American craftsmen developed it nobly, as this volume proves.

Without apology for borrowed ancestry, but with pride in achievement, Mr. Downs surveys these two styles of furniture, notes their variation in the different colonies, and authenticates his facts with interesting references to old newspapers, advertisements, and wills. He relates the gossip of commerce of two hundred years ago, and introduces the craftsmen, their families and runaway apprentices, as well as the owners of the furniture. The result is more than interesting reading. It leaves you with a knowledgable appreciation of the best products of the colonial craftsmen, the part they played in the life of the times, and leaves you well prepared to progress to the rooms and individual pieces which follow.

Ten beautiful color plates present the rooms in the Winterthur Museum in which these two periods of furniture are placed. Each illustration is prefaced by a detailed description. Even the propriety of the flowers planted outside the window is proved by reference to a contemporary seed catalogue. Then there follow four hundred photographs of furniture, each accompanied by a description, all so placed as to make reading and reference easy.

The illustrations are superb. Each bed, chair, and chest is photographed as if it were sculpture. You sense its volume, grace, and linear beauty. The photographs are large enough and clear enough to permit detail to be observed. This is important because the eighteenth century cabinetmaker, though he had a high regard for function, expended much imagination and skill upon ornament, which he always kept subservient to form.

When buying antiques or any art object, one seeks out an authority for an opinion and an appraisal. The same care should be taken when reading about them. One should endeavor to know the best, as well as to own the best. Therefore this book has especial value. For its author, Joseph Downs, has long been recognized as a leading authority on American decorative arts. While curator for the Philadelphia Museum of Art and later for the American Wing of the Metropolitan Museum, New York, he acted as advisor on several important restoration projects, wrote many catalogues and magazine articles, and found time to restore an eighteenth-century home for himself in Guilford, Conn., where much of this book was probably written. Tempered by the accuracy of the scholar, it sparkles with the zest of the collector, and is a worthy tribute to the colonial craftsman and the American way of life.

Winterthur Museum—"mural of two centuries."

Catharine Oglesby is the author of "French Provincial Decorative Art."

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Intentional Violator

ADVANCED PHOTOGRAPHY. By Andreas Feininger. New York: Prentice-Hall. 244 pp. $7.50.

By David E. Scherman

ANY amateur or professional photographer who has been using a camera long enough to begin to wonder why—and chronologically speaking this can mean anywhere from twenty minutes to twenty years—must perforce come to the conclusion that any kind of photography that aspires to greater heights than that seen hanging up in a New York taxicab with the driver's hack-license number under it (hence the expression "hack-photography"), must be an ever-advancing photography. If an amateur is to avoid boring himself to death, selling his equipment, and taking up golf, he must seek change. If a professional is to continue eating he must, in today's intensive competition, stop, think, change, advance.

Nobody seems more articulately aware of this than Andreas Feininger. His new book, in a sentence, is a dedication to change, or, more accurately, progress. Sometimes, in the opinion of this reviewer, the change may lead down a blind alley, as in the author's experiments with highly specialized effects like solarization or reticulation —what Feininger calls the "graphic control" processes. This calls for a separate seminar, with the "artistes" ranged on one side and the hard-shelled realists on the other. But for the most part his demands for change and improvement in picture-taking are sound, and any advanced practitioner who feels himself going stale is well-advised to look into this thoughtful sequel to the basic, monumental "Feininger on Photography."

At bottom, the author's keenest desire is for pictures that are new and pictures that are clear. Originality of concept plus clarity of presentation as the life-blood of any art are, perhaps, no new ideas, but they are ideas that photographers will neglect to their own sorrow. His recipe in this book, broken down in characteristic Feininger step-by-step method, is the interplay of experimentation, observation, and imagination. A photographer without the first is like a carpenter without a saw. Failure to "observe" can lead, among other unthinkable things, to taking pictures that might far better be left untaken, which is the most telling mark of the amateur. As for imagination, the author has this to say of the so-called "natural" school—"Insistence on naturalness in a photograph is nothing more than a poor excuse for lack of imagination."

Photography, like any art and as the newest of the arts, is talent plus technique. "Advanced Photography" is a book neither for the pure artist nor the technical camera bug, but for the working photographer or amateur who is aware that he has to combine both. It presupposes a basic knowledge of technique and, having presupposed it, happily forgets it. For Feininger is one of the world's greatest intentional violators of known photographic rules. His must indeed be a great personal concern with the future of photography, and unless more like him stop exposing film for a moment, and think about the heart of the matter, the medium must certainly decline to a plateau of mediocrity where, heaven forbid, it may not even compete with the printed word!

David E. Scherman, former Life *photographer, is author, with his wife, Rosemarie Redlich, and illustrator of "Literary America."*

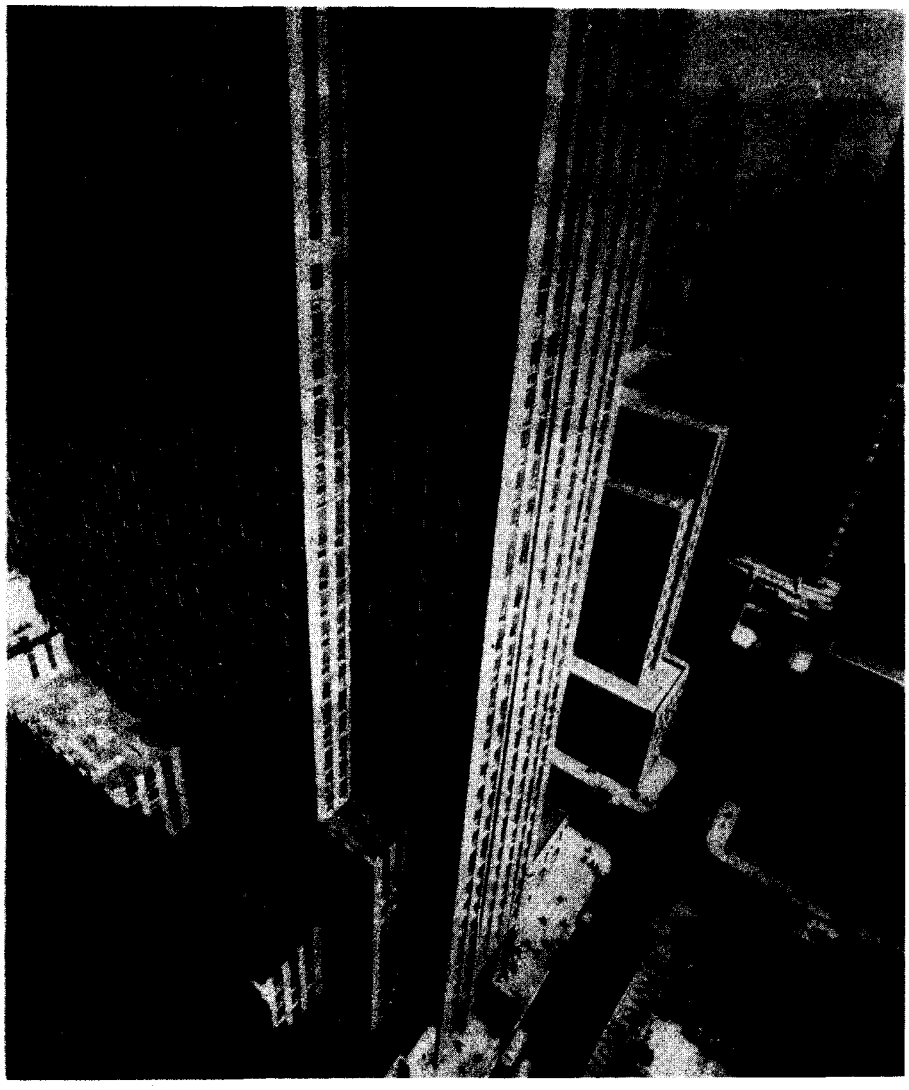
Exiled Art

BEAUTY BEHIND BARBED WIRE. By Allen H. Eaton. New York: Harper & Bros. 208 pp. $6.

By Lyman Bryson

WE need to be reminded at fairly regular intervals that we shamefully mistreated more than 100,000 good American citizens of Japanese ancestry in the recent World War and that Army zeal combined with legal thievery to put them in desert barracks, to take away much of their property, and to scatter them afterwards. The actual administration of these prison camps was admirable, but Mr. Eaton, who has spent so much of his life in seeking out the humbler arts of our country, is making a more striking point. He goes far toward proving to any American of good will

Lyman Bryson is professor of education at Teachers College, Columbia University.



"Rockefeller Center," by Andreas Feininger.

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that these Japanese-Americans were themselves the heroes of the sorry business. They were patient, loyal, and for the most part without bitterness. He shows the deepest reason for their success in accepting a harsh fate. Not because they had been born and brought up in America, but because they had inherited a part of the culture of their ancestors, they knew how to make the huts in the desert into little shrines of beauty.

Most of Allen Eaton's book is a catalogue, with ample perceptive comment, of the things they made: embroideries, wood carvings, artificial flowers, sand landscapes, gardens, paintings. He tells also of their camp-made plays, their Buddhist dance ceremonies, their flower arrangements and tea ceremonies, and all the other patient and laborious refinements they gave to their cramped lives.

The examples, some in color and all well reproduced, do not make their appeal on the grounds of the difficulties out of which they came. The paintings are not much better than "interesting"; that kind of art seems to require more in sophisticated training and flair than many of these farmers and artisans possessed. The real gifts were deeper and more significant and they were almost universal in these thousands of common people. The finest calligrapher in one camp, whose poised wrists and delicate, sweeping motions composed distinguished panels and inscriptions, was a shoemaker. A sign painter, who had studied drama in Japan, made the traditional costumes for the camp plays.

It was, of course, adversity that brought out these quiet achievements, but the habits were there, habits of making little things into pleasant things, of seeking beauty in one's surroundings whatever they happen to be, of thinking that sober esthetic pleasure was a generous reward for hours of patient work. As Mrs. Roosevelt says in her introduction, this will help us to know the Nisei better. It may even suggest to us, now that we are beginning to substitute a condescending kindness for the hatred of wartime in our attitude toward all of Japanese culture, that we can learn lessons of great value for our own development.

Mr. Eaton makes his case out of the evidence, but he does not hesitate to state his own generous beliefs. He says at the end what it is most important to say: "No group has ever given us a clearer glimpse of how Western life and culture might be enriched and made more secure, by a larger measure of beauty in our daily living."

Stately Northern Oils

VAN EYCK. By Ludwig Baldass. New York: Phaidon Publishers. 297 pp. $15.

By Ralph Wickiser

AN interesting paradox in American culture is the fact that while we are predominantly North Europeans in extraction and heritage our taste and training in art has led us to revere Italian, Spanish, and French art. The dominant trends in our contemporary art—the genre style; expressionism; and precisionism, both real and abstract—have much more in common with Flemish and German art than Latin. Our current concerns evidence the love of architectonic and tactile qualities so fully consummated in Jan Van Eyck and the fierce intensity of emotional expression so characteristic of Grünewald. Our instincts are Northern but we cast longing eyes at the sensuous art qualities of the Mediterranean world.

Jan Van Eyck, the great Flemish painter, has never enjoyed the acclaim accorded far less gifted Italian painters. His *oeuvre* still defies description even under the painstaking analytic eye of Ludwig Baldass. Tracing the precursors of the brothers Van Eyck, he describes the stylistic characteristics of Broederlam, the Limbourgh brothers, and Robert Campin.

He discusses in great detail the little known lives of Hubert and Jan Van Eyck and their joint efforts in the execution of the Ghent altarpiece. Each of Jan's works is then discussed in terms of the development of his style, its authentication, and problems encountered in attribution. Jan's significance lies in his understanding of the color possibilities of the new oil medium. His concept of nature as a dictionary of visual facts led him to a new technique of painting with which he was able to use earthly things to portray heavenly things ideally. His love of elaboration and reproduction of infinite detail caused him to visualize the surfaces of things in a manner which incorporated texture into the structural problem of painting long before its use in Italy.

In the magnificent Ghent altarpiece, the haunting "Wedding of Giovanni Arnolfini," and the mystic objectivity of "The Madonna with the Chancellor Rolin," Jan Van Eyck achieves a synthesis of form and con-

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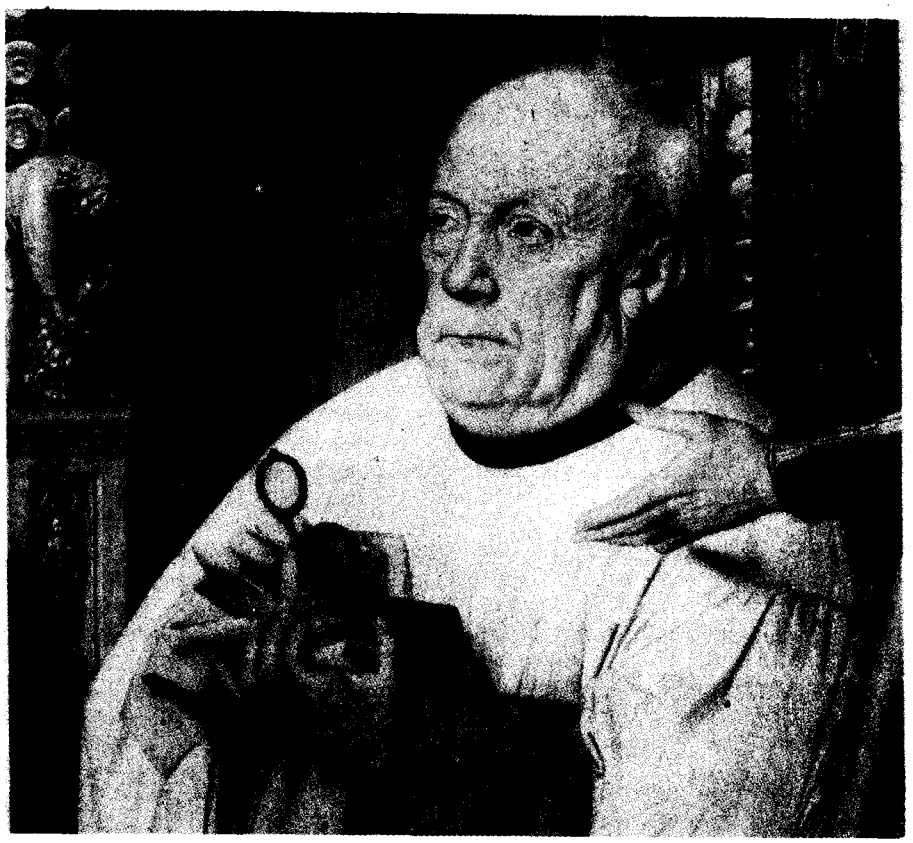

—*From "Van Eyck."*

Detail from "The Madonna with Canon van der Paele," by Jan Van Eyck.

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tent which has never been surpassed. In a society taught to read paintings sentimentally, such as ours, Jan Van Eyck's uncompromising objectivity forces us to arrive at new esthetic concepts before we can come into contact with his meaning. With extraordinary skill Jan focuses our attention on all things at one time, thus improving and intensifying our vision, creating awe and wonder in us.

In Baldass's research, restricted largely to the development of stylistic characteristics which he feels lead to the inner significance of the paintings, a thorough investigation is made. The book includes 170 plates, 100 of which are large-size detail reproductions from the Ghent altarpiece, and eight color plates. It is written in a scholarly style, brilliantly, as in the summaries. He sympathetically presents the intellectual aspect of the painter's art. Within this frame of reference there is little to criticize. But one wonders whether the art of Jan Van Eyck is allowed really to emerge from behind the curtain of technical problems which seek to establish a stylistic development. Too often, form and content are divorced for convenience's sake to establish proof, confirm attribution, or assert authenticity. The writer on art and artists should strive to bring the reader into full contact with the work of art. If the intention is not to deal with art *sui generis*, but art as history, the portrayal is incomplete without a discussion of the concepts of the time, their significance and causative relations, the sociological and spiritual conditions which influenced the artist's development as a painter.

This activity called scholarship often obscures the artist and his work. Obviously in authenticating a painting, stylistic parallels and influences achieve importance, but in art history they often lead to belaboring the obvious with factual descriptions in the presentation of a man's art. From this point of view many *ex cathedra* judgments are made. One might be led to believe that, because the historian reads intellectual significance into a work of art, the artist, too, formulates a sequence of ideas and then proceeds to copy them on canvas. Nothing could be more foreign to the creative artist.

The achievement of Jan Van Eyck is yet to be fully appreciated or understood. After all his symbols are comprehended there still remains the problem of you and the picture. Its meaning exists not through interpretation but as a communion between you and the picture. The writer's function is to make this possible.

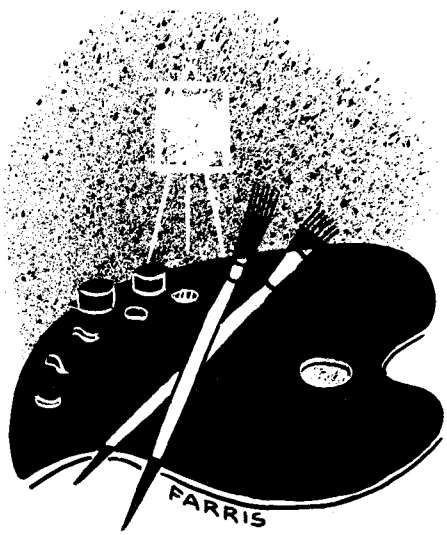
Man & Painter

PORTRAIT OF THE ARTIST AS AN AMERICAN. Ben Shahn: A Biography with Pictures. By Selden Rodman. New York: Harper & Bros. 180 pp. with illus. $6.50.

By Nesta Anderson

BEN SHAHN'S versatile biographer explains in his introduction that he came to his subject through an interest in the problem of communication. In the Haitian folk artists whose mural painting he had supervised, Mr. Rodman discovered direct and moving portrayals of a civilization. Despite the sophistication of Shahn's work, the author was struck by its many similarities to the painting of the unschooled muralists and these analogies led him to ask how the knowing modernist could "achieve the primitive's rapport with his own environment." In order to uncover the sources of Shahn's communicative art and understand how its universal meanings are related to his environment, he has sought to "know everything that can be known about that artist from his dreams to the jokes he tells and the kind of clothes he wears."

Rodman brings the reader into immediate contact with the forceful personality of his subject through an eyewitness account of an evening spent with the Shahn family. No one who has heard the artist speak can forget his powerful presence and extraordinary articulateness. The reader will be particularly grateful for the faithful recording of Shahn's eloquent and often paradoxical statements about himself. The words of the mature man draw the main outlines of the portrait which are echoed and given substance in the succeeding chapters. Moving back through the years to Shahn's boyhood among the Jewish immigrants on New York's East Side, Rodman discusses his political activities, traces the steps in the development of his mature style, and notes the triumphs, discouragements, and disasters of his personal life.



In recording the events of the artist's fifty-odd years, he seldom pauses to draw a detailed analysis of the significance of Shahn's political or artistic endeavors, but documents them carefully and occasionally offers critical comments. The fact that the artist has devoted so much of his time to communal projects and has often been an aggressive propagandist leads his biographer to believe that Shahn has felt a need to identify himself with a cause. He even suggests that his feeling of usefulness and participation in a far-reaching social struggle are responsible for the greatness of his wartime painting. Succeeding chapters are devoted to the artist's life and work between 1924 and 1942. The dramatic despairs and triumphs of his work for governmental agencies and with Rivera as a muralist are examined. Here the text is amplified with a wealth of illustrations of the projects and the inclusion of several of his finest photographs, taken for the Farm Security Administration. The latter reveal the artist's stature as a photographer and indicate one important source for the subject matter and composition of his paintings.

The closing sections of the book, dealing with his childhood, as well as the first chapter, are the most revealing. Unfortunately, the full impact of Shahn's imposing figure is rarely felt in the intervening pages. Can it be that the biographer's desire to "know everything that can be known" about his subject has led him to introduce extraneous material in a loosely organized fashion and to include data about Shahn's personal life which bear little relation to his art and might well have been left unsaid at this time? Rodman's primary interest is, clearly, to reveal Shahn as a human being and he is to be congratulated on avoiding the pitfalls of easy generalization. Nevertheless, the study would be more valuable had he devoted greater space to a discussion of Shahn's working methods and to a more thorough analysis of his artistic development. The author has subtitled the volume "A Biography with Pictures." It is to be hoped that in a further study he will draw the biography and pictures into a more telling critical relationship.

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CANADA: BOOM UNLIMITED

(*Continued from page 14*)

strong link between two great countries.

The economic bond between Canada and the United States is unique, but it is not exclusive. Canadian markets circle the globe. As the world's third greatest foreign trading nation (after the United States and Great Britain), Canada earns one out of every three dollars of her national income from foreign trade with over 100 lands. Exports are her very life blood. This great stake in foreign trade has set Canada on the road to world-leadership in the battle for freer trade—a fight which we seem about to repudiate though we carry the scars of a twenty-year struggle in its behalf.

Our adoption of the Reciprocal Trade Agreement Program and espousal of the General Agreement on Tariffs and Trade have been landmarks in this respect. But there has always been tremendous opposition to these programs and today there is a real danger that it may gain the upper hand. The limitations on dairy imports voted in 1950 as an amendment to the Defense Production Act, the spate of petitions to the Tariff Commission to raise duties under the "escape-clause" provision of the Reciprocal Trade Agreements Act, the opposition to measures designed to ease imports through customs simplification—these and many similar developments are signs of America's return to a new protectionism. Particularly in a period when the economic well-being of so much of the world depends upon its ability to sell the output of its farms and factories in the United States, these developments have serious repercussions upon American prestige and dangerously shake the confidence which our allies place in us.

By contrast, Canada's record is particularly bright. Although hundreds of new industries which could have profited from tariff protection have grown up since the war, no steps have been taken to raise duties. Recently, when Canadian producers of textiles and appliances raised, with some justification, the cry of American dumping, Ottawa refused to invoke anti-dumping clauses. The Government has been particularly careful not to countenance or abet any restrictive trade practices which would impede the flow of international trade. This record is bound to raise Canada's stature in the eyes of the world while our own is lowered. In the long run it will contribute inestimably to the development and growth of Canada's trade with the world.

It would not be fair to describe the Canadian economy only in terms of strength. There are some weaknesses which should be noted. First, is the continuing imbalance of trade with the United States. In 1951, Canadian purchases in the United States exceeded her sales to us by $500 million, though the tremendous flow of American capital into Canada more than compensated on the over-all account.

A large part of these difficulties flow from the fact that Canada's traditional trade patterns were basically disrupted by the events following World War II. In prewar days, Britain was Canada's greatest market. By selling to the United Kingdom more than she bought, Canada earned the exchange necessary both to pay for her excess imports from the United States and to remit the interest and dividends she owed to foreign investors. It does not look as though this classic pattern can be re-established. Even if Britain is successful in overcoming her present economic difficulties, she will certainly never return

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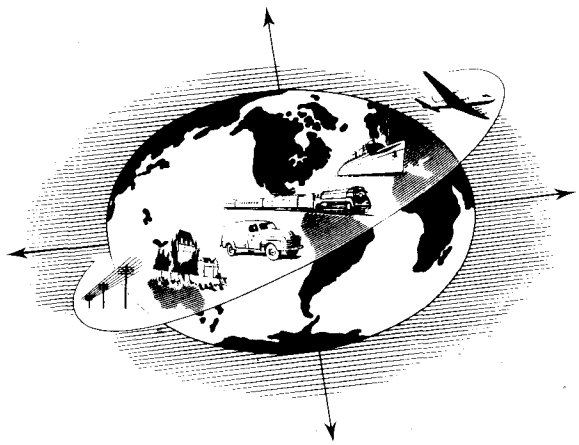

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to her status as the pivotal nation in world trade. Canada, therefore, is faced with the problem of exploring new markets throughout the world and of finding new sources of supply for some of the products she now buys from the United States. Ironically, this problem is exacerbated by the tremendous inflow of investment and speculative capital, because Canada must not merely achieve equality of imports and exports, but must actually export more in order to pay dividends and interest to foreign investors.

However, there is no reason to suppose that this cannot eventually be achieved out of the phenomenal expansion of the Canadian economy. In the first place, great as foreign investment has been, Canadian investment has been relatively greater. Not many years ago, fully half of her investment was financed by foreign capitalists. Today, she is financing 85 per cent of her own developments. Furthermore, as her industrial plant expands, Canada will be less dependent upon foreign countries for manufactured goods. Also, as her economy expands, payments to foreign investors will represent an increasingly smaller proportion of her total output. Indeed, there has already been phenomenal growth in this direction. In 1930 returns to investors amounted to 20 per cent of Canadian exports, while today they represent only 2 per cent.

Paradoxically, the new strength of the Canadian dollar also contains elements of weakness. The dollar's striking rise to a premium of almost 2 per cent over the American dollar has been balm to Canadian pride, but it carries with it certain penalties. Canadian products are now relatively more expensive in terms of American dollars. This means that exports to the United States are made more difficult. At the same time the imports have gained a new price advantage in relation to Canadian-produced goods. In addition, the tourist trade which has already been hit by the high cost of living will suffer another blow this summer when American tourists discover how much they must pay for a visit to Canada. In fact the grumblings are already so loud that leading hotels and shops are accepting U.S. dollars at par in the interests of amity and expanded tourist business.

Perhaps the greatest handicap Canada faces is the proximity of the United States. Perhaps the greatest barrier it must still cross is compounded by this fact. With a wealth of virtually every vital resource, it lacks the most important one: people. It lacks them in number, and it suffers that lack with particular intensity where skills are involved. For years the pattern has been that a substantial proportion of those educated in Canada emigrate for their success to the United States. As the Canadian promise becomes more immediate, that flow diminishes slightly but nevertheless continues to drain Canada of its great vital investment.

The reason is obvious: the Canadian standard of living is lower than that of its neighbor. Prices on virtually every manufactured article available in both the United States and Canada are lower in the United States. Only in the case of whiskey is this notably untrue, and it's doubtful that this favorable disparity is the one Canada would most wish. Canadian salaries are lower than ours, the earnings of its executives far less impressive, but —and it is here that the American investor looks with longing eyes— income taxes are slightly less and there is no capital gains tax. Even the immigrant attracted to Canada by the sheer fact of open arms is retained in Canada by modest coercion. He must wait a year after his entry before emigration to the United States is permissible. These difficulties are real and important, but though they may hamper, they will not drastically interrupt Canada's steady growth and progress. A strong, free, prosperous nation is emerging along our northern border which will continue to be a staunch ally.

We must not make the mistake, however, of assuming that Canada will tie her destiny to our own. She is an independent nation and will not be content with the secondary role in any situation, will, perhaps even be overly assertive in some situations where she feels her weakness relative to us. America must recognize that Canada is fully ready to stand on her own feet, to make her own decisions, and to carry the responsibility for her own future. She will resent any effort to impose our pattern on her society, policies, or programs.

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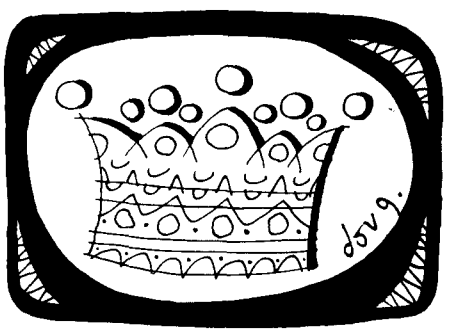
(Continued from page 12)

of the Canadian Parliament at all; the "colonial" theory of the indivisibility of the Crown meant that all the King's territories were at war when the United Kingdom was at war. In World War II, Canada went to war by a vote in the Canadian Parliament from which no member dissented, but the French Canadian assent was only secured by the most binding pledges against conscription by all the major parties, pledges which had difficult consequences later in the war. In both wars the prolonged neutrality of the United States greatly strengthened the French Canadian feeling that neutrality was the correct position for a North American country. There are still vestiges of this feeling in connection with NATO, but they are much mitigated by the facts that in NATO the United States has been from the beginning a leading participant and that the potential enemy is an avowed and bitter enemy of the Vatican.

It is important to add that there is no element of doctrinaire pacifism in the French Canadian attitude. There is no objection to participation in war as such; the objection is to participating in war at the orders of a non-French majority, which the French Canadian is apt to think of as considerably less "Canadian" than himself and even to describe as "*les Anglais*" in contradistinction to "*les Canadiens*." It is an objection which draws considerable support from the utterances of that type of isolationism in the United States which ascribes everything it dislikes in American policies to the machinations of the perfidious British.

The frantic efforts of the Canadian Communists to make some capital out of this special brand of isolationism in French Canada have been a complete failure. The French Canadian is used to thinking of himself as being dragged into war by the British and by the still colonial-minded (as he thinks) Canadians of British descent, and the present party line, which asks



him to think of himself as being dragged into war by the bloody-minded American imperialists and their tools, Messrs. St. Laurent and Pearson, involves too much of a change of orientation.

PERSONS of British racial origin still constitute nearly one-half of the total population, though diminishing in their proportion with each successive census; thus leaving about one-fifth for persons of non-British origin other than French. These are not so heterogeneous as is sometimes supposed. Half of them are made up of four races, all easily assimilable—German, Ukrainian, Scandinavian, and Dutch. The ancestors of many of these have been on the continent, either in Canada or in the United States, for two or three generations, and are pretty completely North-Americanized. Only about 6 per cent of the population was born outside of Canada, the British countries, and the United States.

The assimilation of newcomers, in the sense of their conversion into a conscious Canadian allegiance, has become definitely easier with the rise of the concept of Canada's full nationhood and the diminishing of the accent on the imperial connection, which used to be rather heavily pressed in the English-language schools and textbooks. Canadians are "British subjects," but that is a secondary matter compared with their being also "Canadian citizens"; a certificate of Canadian citizenship can now be procured from Ottawa for a nominal fee, but is not, of course, necessary to the citizenship, which either results automatically from Canadian birth or a period of domicile plus British birth, or is acquired by naturalization. It is obviously much easier to interest a newcomer in becoming a citizen of Canada, a country which he knows and in which he has cast his lot, than it was in becoming a subject of the British Crown, which he was apt to think of as belonging to a European country four or five thousand miles away. Moreover, a prolonged period of virtually full employment and marked agricultural prosperity has rapidly improved the economic status of the recent immigrants (mostly of the wage-earning class) and made them more accessible to education and readier to adopt the North American way of life.

Canada is thus in all respects a less divided country than it has ever been

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since the beginning of the wave of European immigration about the turn of the century. Nevertheless it is still a long way from solidarity. Its two main elements have not yet been able to decide on the terms on which they will be willing to live together. True, they have been living together for nearly two centuries, but it has been on terms imposed by an outside authority. They have been a colony; they are now a nation, but they have not quite grown up to that status. One of the first tasks of a nation is to make itself a constitution, which is in essence the terms on which its citizens are willing to live together. Canada has not yet faced that task; she is rubbing along with the constitution which she received from the mother country, and she cannot decide on the way to make herself a new one, or even to make any changes (except those about which there is virtually no dispute) in the old one. There is, for example, no power in the national Parliament to make laws for the fulfilling of a treaty in so far as such laws would invade the sphere of property and civil rights, which belongs to the provinces; but there is also no procedure by which the Canadian people could confer such a power on Parliament even if they wanted to, except with the unanimous consent of the provinces whose powers would be diminished. Such are some of the difficulties which face a colony in the process of converting itself into a nation without going through the formality of a revolution.

Incomplete emergence from colonialism is also the reason for a decidedly indeterminate attitude in all external affairs. Prior to 1914 Canada had no attitude in external affairs, other than those relating to her own trade, except that of feeling that Great Britain ought to be backed up—though in the interests of Canadian unity she should not be backed up energetically enough or expensively enough to annoy the French Canadians. Moreover, so long as the question of what to do about backing Great Britain up could be postponed, it was postponed. In 1911 the two major parties disagreed on how Great Britain should be backed up in naval matters, the Liberals desiring a Canadian Navy and the Conservatives a contribution to the British Navy. The Liberals passed their Bill, and were then thrown out by the voters (on another issue). The Conservatives then passed their Bill, but it was rejected by the Senate, which still had a Liberal majority. The Conservatives dropped the matter, and in 1914 there was very little naval assistance available from Canada. In 1938 and 1939 Prime Minister King's watchword was "Parliament will decide," and he saw to it that Parliament was never asked to decide anything about the obviously approaching war with Germany until it had broken out.

It is a far cry from this to the very general acceptance in 1950 and 1951 of the heavy advance commitments involved in NATO, the first commitments of the kind ever entered into by Canada. Canada is generally credited with having had an early and important share in the promotion of that organization, and it must have required considerable courage on the part of its government leaders to accept so novel a responsibility without much knowledge of what the popular response would be. NATO is, however, more than a mere military alliance; and Canada has been insistent in stressing its potentialities "as a framework within which a closer Atlantic community might be developed." This gives it a strong appeal to the ancestral instincts of both the French and those of British extraction—for the French Canadian is not anti-British in Europe, he is merely on his guard against being expected to be too pro-British in Canada. It also gives Canadians a rather different conception of NATO from that of the Americans, with an accent on the idea of cultural unity which militates against any suggestion of adding Turkey to the membership, or even (in its present political form) Spain, in spite of any short-term military advantages which might accrue. Not that Canadians are optimistic about an early United States of Europe; but they have a stronger historic sense of the underlying cultural unity of Europe as it existed before the rise of the German Empire, and a faith that it might in process of time be revived. (Few Canadians, be it remembered, came out to get away from their ties with Europe.)

So far as any external activity can do, NATO has taken a powerful hold upon the mind of the Canadian people. It completely overshadows that part of the world conflict which is centered in the Pacific, and if it were not for their obligations imposed by the U.N. the interest of Canadians in that theatre would be minimal. Canada has no tradition of interest in the Pacific, in which the United States has taken a leading part for nearly a hundred years. In World War I that theatre was looked after, until the United States came in, by the Japanese. In World War II, when the war in the Pacific was begun by a Japanese attack on the United States and seemed therefore a somewhat American war, Canada made only a small and ill-fated contribution there.

A recent American writer has remarked that in this mid-century the Pacific Ocean has become the Republican ocean and the Atlantic the Democratic one. If Canadians were to divide on that line the Pacific party would be doomed to many generations in opposition. Canadians strongly tend to regard the Far East as an extension of the European situation, and to view its problems from a British standpoint. Their own Pacific coast was not, like the United States one, settled by the last wave of the national westward push of population across the continent; it was settled as an entirely distinct colony of Great Britain, and settled mainly by sea, and it only

—*From "Royal Journey."*

Queen Elizabeth in Canada—"unifying force."

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became part of Canada—after having a narrow shave of not doing so—in 1871, two years after the completion of the first United States transcontinental railway. It was fifteen years later that railway connection on Canadian soil was established between the Pacific and the East.

CANADA is therefore a strongly Europe-looking and Europe-conscious country, with its attitude toward Europe somewhat affected by its political association with Great Britain and the historic association of part of its people with France. It is also a country which has to cut its international policies according to its economic cloth and which is therefore reluctant to take on commitments in too many areas. In proportion to population it has far less accumulated capital than the United States, and the cost of operating its productive equipment is higher. Its population stretches in a very thin line right across the continent at its wider part, so that transportation forms a much larger share of its production costs than in the compact area of the United States; and its high latitude makes fuel costs another heavy burden, and adds substantially to the cost of its structures. Altogether the recent claim that an expenditure on defense of 11 per cent of the national income in Canada represents an equivalent sacrifice to an expenditure of 16 per cent in the United States is not unreasonable.

There is always a certain moderate difference in standard of living between Canada and the United States in favor of the latter for any given class of worker, whether wage-paid or white-collar. But when that difference gets too high, and ceases to be offset by the natural immobility of populations, it sets up a dangerous drift away from Canada. That drift is unfortunately highly selective, taking away those born and educated in Canada, and especially the more skilled and better educated whose prospects in the larger country are best, and leaving the immigrants (who come under the U.S. quotas for their respective native lands) and the less skilled of the Canadians. Any degree of defense effort, therefore, which materially impairs the Canadian standard of living defeats its own ends.

We started with the proposition that Canadian attitudes and policies in external affairs are imperatively conditioned by those of the United States, and we have found ourselves considering those respects in which Canadian attitudes differ from those of the United States. It looks like a contradiction, but it is not one. Canadians are deeply aware that they

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can do nothing independently of the United States, and that the only way in which they can make their attitudes effective in any degree is by influencing the attitudes of Americans. They obviously cannot hope to influence directly the mass opinion of the United States ; Americans do not read Canadian newspapers nor listen to Canadian speakers, and there is no great reason why they should. But Canadians can hope to influence in some small degree the minds of those who exercise power in Washington; the history of the last forty years suggests that on occasions they have done so. The type of man who tends to become important in Canadian external affairs is therefore the type of man to whom Washington will on occasions listen, who can convince Washington that Canada is deeply serious about a few ideas in international relations, and that even if they differ slightly from the prevalent American ideas they are not unreasonable ideas for a North American nation. Belief in the historic cultural unity of Western European Christendom, in the continued existence of that unity despite the tragic disputes of the last fifty years, and in its supreme importance for the world situation of today, is the chief of these ideas and probably the foundation of all the rest. The second is the importance of the Commonwealth of Nations, now including several republics as well as the territories which are governed in the name of Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth II—an association which is naturally less easy of understanding to Americans who have not had experience of its unifying force than to Canadians who have.

The maintaining of these ideas obviously implies a right on Canada's part to differ from the United States. In theory the existence of that right is probably not disputed, but in practice the exercise of it often occasions some surprise to Americans. Every now and again Canadians, when discussing these matters with their American friends, as in the notable Niagara Falls Conference of 1951, find that they have to issue their own Declaration of Independence, asserting the right of Canada to be just as independent of the United States as both of them are of Great Britain. At that conference it was even suggested that the Statute of Westminster, declaring the sovereign equality of all the nations of the Commonwealth, might well have been accompanied by a Statute of Washington, declaring the sovereign equality of the nations of the North American continent. This was of course a purely humorous suggestion; but it expressed the feeling that a reminder is sometimes needed.

TWO ACCENTS, ONE VOICE

(*Continued from page 16*)

François Hertel have all produced verse of intellectual and emotional maturity and of great technical skill.

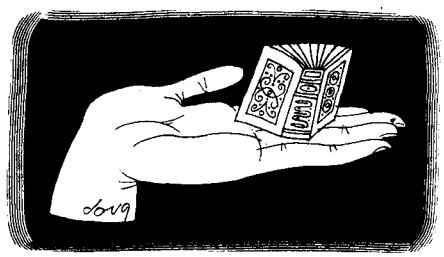
But so far, in attempting to summarize the achievements of the last thirty years, I have stressed the more novel and experimental work. The more traditional types of Canadian literature—romantic love and nature poetry, historical romances, and regional idylls in fiction—have continued, and have found some distinguished exponents. Wilson Macdonald, Audrey Alexandra Brown, and Arthur S. Bourinot have continued the romantic tradition in poetry; Frederick Niven, W. G. Hardy, F. E. D. McDowell, Thomas Raddall, and Will R. Bird have produced good historical romances; and Mazo de la Roche and a regiment of other women have given us regional idylls of varying merit.

Such, then, are the main names on the literary map of Canada, and their multiplicity at least proves that our writers have not succumbed to despair. None of them are truly great names; even the best of our writers—Haliburton, Lampman, and Carman in the last century, Leacock, Pratt, Grove, Klein, Callaghan, MacLennan, Nelligan, Garneau, Lemelin, Guèvremont, and Roy in this—are but secondary figures on the world's literary stage. But, for a country of fourteen million people which has existed as a nation for less than a century, it is a list surprisingly long and distinguished. Only in drama, because of our scattered population, have we almost nothing to show, and even here there is much promise in the recent work of Robertson Davies and Fridolin, and in the radio plays of Lister Sinclair, Len Peterson, and Joseph Schull.

HAVE the items of this list any common qualities? Is there anything distinctively Canadian about Canadian literature?

The Canadian equivalent of the American Constitution is the British North America Act of 1867. It is typical of Canadian diffidence that little fuss is made of this act, that few if any of its phrases glow in our memories, and that it is usually mentioned as the object of mild scorn. Nevertheless, by analyzing each of the terms in its title we may, I think, come to the heart of this Canadian matter.

Canada is *British*. No attempt to define her or her literature can ignore this fact. The first substantial body of English-speaking settlers were Loyalists who fled the southern colonies in order to remain under the British flag, and it was the sons of this first generation of Loyalists who laid the foundations of Canadian literature. T. C. Haliburton and Joseph Howe, Charles Sangster and Charles Mair, Bliss Carman and Archibald Lampman—all were of Loyalist stock. William Kirby was a latter-day Loyalist: he fled the United States because he



felt that the Fenian raids presaged an American war against Canada. Even today, the spirit of Loyalism lives on, as witness the spontaneous and sincere tributes paid recently to the present Queen and her husband, the suspicion of American "imperialism" which lurks in almost every Canadian heart, the recent report of the Massey Commission on our culture which stresses the threat of American mass-media and proposes a Canada Council for the arts (obviously modeled on the British Council). This British element in our culture has been kept alive in countless ways, not least by the fact that each year the very cream of our university graduates, especially in the liberal arts, go to Oxford or Cambridge for further study. (Many also go, of course, to the graduate schools of American universities, but the decisive difference is that most of them remain in the U. S., whereas the others return, bringing with them usually a profound admiration for the culture of Great Britain.)

The consequences of the British connection for our literature are far-reaching. Generally speaking, in our search for literary excellence we have looked east across the Atlantic rather than south across the American border. Haliburton may have used American dialect, but it was to eighteenth-century English satirists that he looked for his models; Carman may have been proud of his kinship with Emerson but it was Shelley and Swinburne he chiefly followed. Even today, when there is a much more balanced appreciation of American literature and a greater knowledge of it, our poets are more apt to follow

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Auden, Spender, Dylan Thomas, and John Betjeman than Williams, Stevens, Jarrell or Eberhart. But it goes deeper than that: Canadian literature, Canadian culture generally, has something of the restraint, the discipline, the cautiousness if you will of the British tradition. We like to think that it gives us stability, balance, a capacity for taking the long view and avoiding hysteria; we hope that we do not achieve merely dulness.

Now, in all this I may seem to be ignoring the French element in our population, but the exception is more apparent than real. The French-speaking Canadians, of course, are not British; some of them, perhaps many of them, are anti-British; but they are not pro-American. They too look eastward across the Atlantic, to another country with a long history, and they too feel themselves to be a part of an old, deep-rooted cultural tradition.

But we are not merely British—and French—but also *northern*. It is this "northernness" which most emphatically distinguishes our literature. We may feel close to Thoreau and Dreiser, but Poe and Faulkner and Capote are not of our stuff made. It is highly significant that when the paintings of our Group of Seven were exhibited in London and Paris in the Twenties they were compared by the critics to the work of Scandinavian and Russian painters, and that English reviewers of the novels of Grove and De la Roche made similar comparisons. The recurring motif in our literature is a sense of awe provoked by the contrasts of our climate and our geography. Loneliness amid the vast stretches of a northern landscape; fear of the violence which lurks in our forests; exultation in the mighty strength of our rivers and mountains; the fascination of intense cold and searing heat: these are motifs which echo and re-echo through our novels, our poetry, and our essays in both French and English. The landscape is so immense, so compelling, that we have been rather too preoccupied with it; to describe it, somehow to reduce it to form, we have neglected our social institutions, our people; but though we may in time subordinate it, we shall never be able to ignore it. It, too, has restrained us, dwarfed us, made us modest to the point of diffidence, made us, when compared with our southern neighbours, almost inarticulate.

But we are, for all our Britishness and our northernness also American. To the inhabitants of the British isles we seem almost indistinguishable from you: it is not long since J. B. Priestley, visiting us briefly, was moved to exhort us to be ourselves, to shake off our American trappings. We do not take such urgings too seriously; we have become reconciled to our fate of being damned Yankees in Europe and bloody Englishmen in the United States. Certainly we know that we shall not become ourselves by becoming self-conscious. Nor can we live beside a nation as vigorous, as creative, and as potent as the United States and not be influenced by it. Our language is closer to yours than it is to that of the United Kingdom. How could it fail to be when we see your films, read your books and magazines, and listen to many of your radio programs? And our literature, in spite of British influence and the distinctive features of our climate and geography, is, has been, and probably always will be very similar to yours. Haliburton and Twain, Pratt and Jeffers, Grove and Dreiser, Callaghan and Sherwood Anderson: detailed comparisons could be made between each pair of writers. Our literature, like that of the United States, is vigorous, optimistic.

It is this fresh sense of the future that is the most hopeful augury for the development of Canadian literature. It is this which keeps our writers from getting altogether frustrated by the problems that beset them. Divided by racial, religious, and geographic barriers, beset by imported books and magazines, irked by low rates of pay and bedeviled by overcautious publishers, they go on writing because they feel that Canada's future is certain to be greater than her past, and that to have helped to build that future will some day be accounted no mean honor.

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FICTION

(*Continued from page 23*)

side Spain and Latin America because none of his mature works have been translated," one would wonder why this minor item should be chosen to introduce the creator of Spanish realism to a foreign public. Galdós is far from unknown in non-Spanish countries, and if translators have heretofore concentrated on earlier novels such as "Dona Perfecta" and "Gloria," it is probably because they considered them the most interesting. There are many excellent qualities in the later "Novelas Españolas Contemporáneas" (which I assume are meant by "mature" works) but among these volumes, the one translated here is not particularly distinguished. This does not mean "La de Bringas" (the original title) does not deserve translation. Although it is not Galdós's masterpiece, it is still an entertaining piece in the nineteenth-century realistic tradition and amply characteristic of its important author.

Galdós took from Balzac his ideas concerning the scope and technique of the novel and the mission of the novelist to serve as scribe to contemporary society. In "The Spendthrifts," Galdós reports on the domestic side of bureaucratic life at the court of Isabella II. With a scrupulousness for documentation superior to Balzac's and worthy of Zola, Galdós inspected the Royal Palace which housed the government parasites, before beginning to write. In the novel we move from one apartment to another: scenes of domestic squabbling, of women gossiping and making over dresses—tenement life in all its manifestations. The main portraits are of Bringas, whose miserliness brings him close to Balzac's Grandet, and his silly wife Rosalía, who thinks only of what she puts on her back. They are drawn in detail with life-like proportions, giving the illusion of flesh and blood density characteristic of the realistic method. No person in the novel is actually worthy of our sympathy, yet the author's condemnation is tempered by the warm humor and irony that we associate with his English master, Charles Dickens. The moralist or psychologist in Galdós, as in Balzac, Zola, and Dickens, is overshadowed by the sociologist. Rosalía's vice is her passion for dress. It brings her to rob her husband and give herself to a man who promises to pay her bills. But her degradation serves Galdós more as an indictment of the rotten society of which she is a part than as a means of showing the anguish and humiliation of a human soul. Never does Galdós break through the exteriority of speech, gesture, and appearance to get to the inner monologue we have now come to expect in the novel. Reading realists like Galdós today is vaguely irritating, like seeing an old film made before the close-up technique was invented.

—LAURENCE LESAGE.

THE FOREST CAVALIER. By Roy Flanagan. Bobbs-Merrill. $3.50. Bacon's Rebellion has rarely been used for historical romance, and seeing what Roy Flannagan has done with it this is a little hard to understand. As a story "The Forest Cavalier" sticks closely to the conventional pattern of the costume novel. Lance Clayborn comes to the Virginia colony as a stripling in the late seventeenth century. He must avenge the death of his uncle, killed by the sea-merchant Jesus Forke. Quickly Lance learns the ways of the forest in the New World, becomes an intrepid fighter, a skilled hunter. He also falls in love with Easter Walker but the usual misunderstandings keep them apart for three hundred or so pages. In the end he gets her, sees his uncle avenged, his own honor—under attack because of his participation in Bacon's rebellion—cleared. These trappings are handled with skill. But it is the historical material—the treatment of Bacon's rebellion, of the conflict between Berkeley, governor of the colony, and the people, between the colony and the Indians, between the fur trappers and the farmers—that raises the novel more than a notch above the common level. While keeping his story moving Mr. Flannagan has illumined a chapter of colonial American history. This last of the novels we shall have from him is also his best.

THE ROGUE FROM PADUA. By Jay Williams. Little, Brown. $3.50. There are a lot of rogues in Mr. Williams's highly diverting re-creation of the period when the Reformation was seething in southern Germany. The most diverting is his hero, Arminius Bosch, who in the end of course turns out not to be a rogue in the old sense of the word so much as one in the more affectionate modern sense. In an event, he starts out as a "con" man in sixteenth-century Swabia and in the process of fleecing some of the more respected citizens of Heilbronn

Take the Moment to the Heart

By Lillian Everts

THE moment left as it came . . .
(Not before it staked a claim
to the heartprint in its name.)
And not a thing remained the same
when the moment came.

Professing that transition of motion
harry it to the dispatch of parting,
in diminishing in haste, it will be no less
than the belly of a pit is less
for its concave injectivity in the contemplated scheme. . . .

Take it then and hold it close
before the inevitable escape
into the cyclorama of time
where — as recompense — it remain
(as virgin bride before the feast)
as essence for furthering the flame
of the Godhead's impeccable fame.

Take the moment to the heart
lest its meaning fall apart;
cradle it into a trance
for the while until perchance
it reveal the custody
of its true identity . . .
Keep the moment in the heart
lest its meaning fall apart.

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by various tricks of magic, feigned sorcery, and straight swindling he gets himself involved in the battles of the Reformation. They, in turn, were involved with the Peasant Wars of the time, and the whole made a very complicated picture which Mr. Williams has set down with considerable verve and feeling. There is a love story, too, between Arminius and a rather modern young lady named Marthe. There are entanglements and disguises and some stirring battles. There is lots of humor that is really funny, and there is a convincing re-creation of atmosphere. In sum, Mr. Williams has provided a lusty romance several cuts above the standard costume drama currently the mode, and approaching almost to the more dignified category of an historical romance.

LITTLE MULE. By John Burress. Vanguard. $3. Little Mule is certainly one of the sunniest creations to come down the literary pike in a long time. Only four years old when we meet him at the death of his preacher father, he is just a few years older when Mr. Burress ends his affectionate saga; but in those few years he has grown from his position as the family's "baby" to one as its recognized and responsible head. Along the way he has faced all the pains, pleasures, and confusions of a small boy forced with his widowed mother and four sisters and brothers to battle with poverty and somehow to survive. Mr. Burress has filled his loosely plotted narrative with scenes of warm humor, moving sentiment, and gentle comedy. Some of the tribulations visited upon the widowed Ider and her brood may seem a little harshly overdrawn, and Little Mule's maturing may come a little too fast; but these are minor flaws in a volume marked throughout with a convincing faith in the unconquerability of the human spirit.

EAST SIDE GENERAL. By Frank G. Slaughter. Doubleday. $3.50. Periodically authors are tempted to reveal to us the pulsing heart of humanity by recounting the events that take place during twenty-four hours in the life of a great institution—say Grand Hotel, or the East Side General Hospital. Dr. Slaughter is the latest to let a fervid imagination run riot on this

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. Chesterton. 2. Bramah. 3. Biggers. 4. Hammett. 5. Eberhart. 6. Poe. 7. Carr. 8. Spillane. 9. Adams. 10. Reeve. 11. Gaboriau. 12. Dunsany. 13. Leblanc. 14. Gardner. 15. Christie. 16. Lowndes. 17. Bentley. 18. Van Dine. 19. Sayers. 20. Stout.

In Paper Covers

The Saturday Review's Guide to the Best New Reprints

Title and Author	*Subject*	*Critics' Consensus*
BLACK MAJESTY *John W. Vandercook* (Pocket: 25c)	Biographical novel about Henry Christophe, the Negro slave who became the king of Haiti during the era of the French Revolution.	Vandercook's clipped, spare style heightens the drama and color of his romantic subject.
CHINA STATION *Donald R. Morris* (Signet: 25c)	A casual affair between a young American sailor and a White Russian ripens into love, but is terminated abruptly when the Communist forces approach and the U. S. Navy departs.	Plus: Author's storytelling skill and well-discerned background. Minus: Well-worn plot situations.
DARK LAUGHTER *Sherwood Anderson* (Pocket: 25c)	A refugee from an oppressive Chicago newspaper job and the wife of a wealthy smalltown manufacturer elope in search of the "dark laughter" of the Negroes—simple, happy, and uninhibited living.	One of the most widely read of Anderson's novels and one of the poorest.
GRANT OF KINGDOM *Harvey Ferguson* (Pocket: 25c)	The story of a Spanish land grant in the Old Southwest, and especially of Jean Ballard, drifter and trader, who forced the family of a Spanish girl, Consuelo Coronel, to agree to their marriage.	A superior historical novel, based on an actual case. Faithful picture of the country; tightly drawn, vivid characters; simple, clear style.
THE GENTLE INFIDEL *Lawrence Schoonover* (Bantam: 35c)	The capture of Constantinople by the Turks in 1453, as seen through the eyes of Michael, born a Christian and raised as a Moslem janissary.	Fast-paced, rather conventional adventure-romance played against a fully panoplied, accurately drawn background.
GOODBYE TO BERLIN *Christopher Isherwood* (Signet: 25c)	Sketches, partly autobiographical, partly fictional, of bohemian life in Berlin on the eve of Hitler, as observed by a young Englishman who ekes out a living as a tutor in his native tongue. The material dealing with one of the characters, Sally Bowles, has been used in the current Broadway play "I Am A Camera."	Atmosphere of decay recorded with uncanny accuracy.
GREEK HISTORICAL THOUGHT *Ed. by Arnold J. Toynbee* (Mentor: 35c)	Essays on the philosophy and art of history culled from the writings of the great Greek historians from Homer to the age of Heraclius. Introduction by Mr. Toynbee, translations by Mr. Toynbee and Gilbert Murray.	An excellent introduction to the study of the past —and the present.
HIS EYE IS ON THE SPARROW *Ethel Waters with Charles Samuels* (Bantam: 35c)	The turbulent yet valiant life story of Ethel Waters, from her birth in a Philadelphia slum through periods of failure and success as a night-club singer to her present eminence as a Broadway actress.	An uncommonly moving biography, marked by brutal frankness and touching compassion.
KINFOLK *Pearl Buck* (Pocket: 35c)	A picture of the upheaval now taking place among the Chinese people seen through the lives of the children of a Chinese-American professor who return to their ancestral village.	A richly human story that casts light on one of the most significant conflicts of our time.
MOLL FLANDERS *Daniel Defoe* (Pocket: 35c)	Extraordinary beauty and uncommon luck enable a girl to rise from a Newgate Prison birthplace through harlotry, thievery, and five marriages to wealth and respectability in seventeenth-century England and America.	Defoe's gusty style, varied incidents, and recognizable characters keep one of the earliest English novels one of the most modern.
THE RAID *John Brick* (Pocket: 25c)	Janice Currie, kidnapped during an Indian raid in the Hudson River Valley during the Revolution, endures great hardships and perils before being rescued by her young husband.	Re-creation of an actual incident, authentic, vivid, and exciting. Recommended especially to men.

—RAYMOND WALTERS, JR.

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theme. And, brother, do events take place! First there is the matter of the radioactive chemical stolen from Oak Ridge which, unknown to everybody, has landed up in the brewery next door and may at any moment blow the whole of Manhattan to smithereens. Then there are the soul-searching problems of the two doctors. Should Dr. Ash allow his millionaire wife to build a new hospital further up town and move him out of the congested slum area which he loves so much? Should that superb surgeon, Andy Gray, allow Pat Reed to buy *him* a life of ease with a few spare millions she has lying around, or should he go to the backwoods of Florida to minister to the sick with the girl he really loves? As you can see, the doctors have problems. The nurses, too: Emily Sloane has cancer and won't let anybody know; Vicki Ryan can't decide whether to keep on being promiscuous, find herself a nice husband, or settle down to being a dedicated nurse. All of these problems and many others are neatly solved to the accompaniment of some pretty deep philosophical speculations by a night watchman, a morgue attendant, a Catholic priest, and an ace reporter. And don't forget those atomic explosions.

Apart from this nonsense, Dr. Slaughter has provided four high-voltage descriptions of operations which have a feeling of reality that is oddly disconcerting in the surrounding atmosphere of technicolored melodrama. These are carefully spaced at approximately seventy-five page intervals, and are commended to your attention. The last one may be a little hard to follow since at the same time the brewery is exploding, the hospital is on fire, all seventeen plots are coming to a simultaneous boil, and the philosophers are philosophizing like crazy. Andy Gray comes through however, and life goes on.

EIDOLON. By J. David Stern. Julian Messner. $3. J. David Stern starts this one off with a promising and nicely conceived science-fiction device. Newt Muir, conceived to a genius of a mother by parthenogenesis rather than in the more sociable manner attendant on normal reproduction, had come into the world without weakness or blemish. An intellectual genius gifted with an eidetic memory, he was also capable of outstanding physical feats. A superman, in fact. The possibilities with such a character are obviously limitless. Sadly, however, it is at that point that Mr. Stern's novelistic invention flags. Newt, his self-appointed "father," and a power-driven newspaper editor go off into an extended discussion about science, religion, the nature of the universe, simplified spelling, and the atom bomb, which may have clarified Mr. Stern's thinking on these matters but left his novel way up in the air. In the last few pages we get hurriedly back to business in time to have a *femme fatale* make a pass at Newt who then develops an interest in housing conditions and gets himself killed off. This ends the book but has very little relation to what has gone before. I like the idea with which Mr. Stern started but he evidently got tired of it and turned from the comic strip to the editorial page. I think he made a mistake.

PASSION PLAY. By Clive Sansom. John Day. $3. When a professional actor was imported into the tiny Bavarian village to play Judas in the town's traditional presentation of the Passion Play, he brought trouble as well as his acting skill. Trouble for Maria, the gently innocent peasant girl who was playing the Virgin for the first time. Trouble for Father Müller, on whom the gossip centered when it became evident that Maria was unaccountably pregnant. Mr. Sansom, who has previously worked mostly in poetry, has written his engaging little fable with quiet humor and a warm appreciation for the simpler virtues of his somewhat out-of-this-world village characters. In particular his portraits of the priests, Müller and Schultz, provide delightful glimpses into characters widely different but convincingly likable. In all, I think you'll find "Passion Play" one of the pleasanter light novels of the season.

CROWN WITHOUT SCEPTRE. By Vaughan Wilkins. Macmillan. $3.50. For his latest historical romance Mr. Wilkins—of "And So—Victoria"—has gone back to the middle eighteenth century and found himself some sprightly material. Two stories—one fictional and one partly historical—have been skilfully interwoven. The historical part deals with Charles the Pretender, his struggles and plottings to regain his throne, and his troubles with his wife and her amorous intrigue with the Italian poet Alfieri. The other deals with the loves and troubles of Shurensi, adopted daughter of the eccentric Lord Deverly. Apart from his neat plotting, the author manages to keep your interest alive with pleasant atmosphere, an unself-conscious throwing in of historical references, and a number of engaging characters. I found Lord Deverly's interest in geriatrics a particularly diverting bit of whimsey if slightly overplayed. And the character Goff—himself almost a study in geriatrics—is a real charmer. Readers of "And So—Victoria" will probably enjoy this if they don't mind a somewhat heavier dose of sex. If that's likely to bother them they should skip Chapter Eight, which is a pretty extended and detailed description of an eighteenth-century strip tease.

MORNING, WINTER, AND NIGHT. By John Nairne Michaelson. Sloane. $3. The reactions of children to the realities and urgencies of their own developing sexuality provide the material and theme for a first novel written with evocative grace and a fine perception into the sensibilities of children. Jamie was twelve when he went to live on the farm of his grandmother in the little Ohio town of Devon. There, growing up with the usual preoccupations of the preadolescent, along with the more earthy

Vaughan Wilkins—"skilfully interwoven."

Frank G. Slaughter—"technicolored."

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knowledge of sex available to the farm child, he was initiated into the mysteries, delights, and miseries of "pure" and of sexual love. That is all Mr. Michaelson's novel is about, but he has handled his material with a rare combination of delicacy of feeling and verbal frankness. The result is a novel which will have many an older reader looking back at his own childhood with affectionate reminiscence and may make him regard with increased understanding the problems and torments of this generation's children.

THE SQUARE PEG. By George Malcolm-Smith. Doubleday. $2.75. Take an innocent young personnel expert and set him to straighten out the organization of a gangster's mob, innocent of its nature, of course, and you have the framework for the kind of farce that is likely to appear in this season of the year. Mr. Malcolm-Smith's writing is brisk if not, say, brash. He has supplied a good quota of cracks and thought up enough lively situations to keep things moving. His gangster chief, Jake Gozzo, is his most engaging characterization, though his linguistic naivete gets a little wearing toward the end. In fact the whole thing gets a little wearing as far as its situation is concerned, once the nature of the situation has been revealed. Only Mr. Malcolm-Smith's quick skill at throwing in a gag line is likely to keep you reading.

THE NEIGHBORS. By Jane Abbott. Lippincott. $3. Gossop and small-town intolerance of the stranger are the villains in Miss Abbott's latest romance. On the side of the angels are Deborah Brent, who'd eloped from the town years before, Deborah's niece Susan, and the new minister John Wendell, too young, too unlike his predecessor, and too outspoken against prejudice to fit in with the hidebound villagers. How these three won over the town, saved its factory from failure, created a more wholesome community atmosphere, and satisfactorily settled everybody's love life, is the matter with which Miss Abbott would concern you. Her manner is full of artless contrivances and coincidences. A skilled producer of books for teen-age girls, Miss Abbott has brought over a number of the more innocent plotting tricks from that trade. One of them is to have the characters keep little secrets from each other so that unnecessary complications and misunderstandings keep the characters moving for the required number of pages. It doesn't seem to annoy her large and appreciative audience.

—EDWARD J. FITZGERALD.

PERSONAL HISTORY

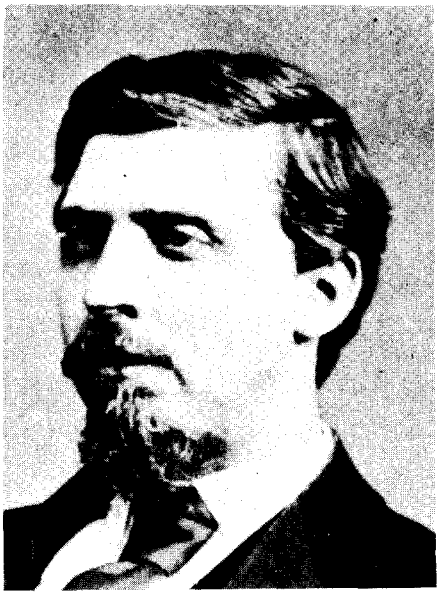
(*Continued from page 21*)

Pretty soon the boot-wearing culprit is standing before Judge Parker in Fort Smith, hearing himself sentenced to hang by the neck "until dead, dead, dead." Then the repetitious judge is standing in his window, watching the culprit amidst a line of others on the giant multiple gallows that dominated the town in 1875. Bearded Hangman Maledon adjusts his infallible ropes. There is a farewell oration, "O that men would leave off drinking together. Parents, I send forth these dying words to you today: Train up your children in the way they should go." And the trap is sprung.

There were eighty-eight hangings in twenty-one years. Men killed for a pair of boots, a watermelon, a horse, a suit of clothes. Indians killed on principle. Half-breeds killed for a spree.

Judge Isaac C. Parker actually sentenced one hundred and seventy-two men to the gallows, but the rigid Bible reader met his equal in a flashy lawyer named J. Warren Reed, who got the idea of appealing convictions to the Supreme Court. Over and over, the Judge was reversed. Then as civilization came along, his court was abolished, and he died, apparently of boredom. The flashy lawyer deteriorated to a door-to-door salesman of a book about the judge.

Homer Croy is alternately corny, coy, and the Authentic Historian. Belle Starr, Cherokee Bill, and other legendary frontier folk are paraded, amidst such period locutions as "he found a congenial friend and the two partook of what steals a man's brains away." But there are a few documentary passages rich in Americana, such as the interview with Texas Jack, a genuine old-time train-robber whom Croy found as a long-haired eccentric in Tulsa. There is also a vivid recital by one of Parker's deputies. Of two hundred, sixty-six were killed.



Judge Parker—"the 'Hangin' Judge.'"

Like Croy's previous works, this one will probably wind up on the motion picture screen.

—MEYER LEVIN.

WITH ROMMEL IN THE DESERT. By Heinz Werner Schmidt. British Book Centre. $2.75. Mr. Schmidt should have called this account of his experiences as a German lieutenant in North Africa "Battle in the Desert." It would have been a far more accurate title, for the truth is, less than half of "With Rommel in the Desert" deals directly with the great General. The author bases these chapters on the six months he served as Rommel's aide-de-camp. And, unfortunately, the picture we are given is for the most part little more than a montage of familiar stills of the "Desert Fox." A few bright shots are included, however, such as Rommel gazelle-hunting from a truck, laughing at a fat Italian major complaining about his meager rations, and swimming naked in the Mediterranean between battles. But after Mr. Schmidt leaves the General for duty as a front-line infantry officer, things pick up. Here he re-creates with considerable skill and wit the dry terror of desert warfare. His descriptions of the desert and his reflections of humankind at war with the elements and itself are pleasant reminders of another soldier who wrote of that same desert with greater understanding, perhaps, but who was not so lucky as Mr. Schmidt, Antoine de St.-Exupéry.

—WHITNEY BALLIETT.

DOROTHY CARUSO: A Personal History. By Dorothy Caruso. Hermitage House. $3. "One success," warned the publisher, referring to "Enrico Caruso: His Life and Death," "doesn't make you into a writer . . . Your life . . . without the famous name, is, honestly, not important enough to publish." Fortunately, the gloomy prognosis failed to discourage Dorothy Caruso from following up the book on her husband with her autobiography. Refusing to exist as "a living memory, like Eric . . . a monument to our splendid past," she has traced the inner evolution of a gallant woman who, independent of worldly circumstance, has lived on a lofty spiritual plane. And as a candle illuminates its sconce, so

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Dorothy Caruso—"delicate charm."

the story of her inner evolution throws light on the history of her era.

In the blue-eyed child beloved of her Irish nursemaid, the solitary Protestant in a convent school, the beautiful isolated girl tyrannized over by a harsh father, Mrs. Caruso reveals the groping of a sensitive young spirit. For the three years of her marriage to Caruso, her husband's love "molded, sustained and protected" her soul.

Widowed at twenty-eight and thus bereft of new-found guidance, she embarked on a spiritual odyssey that ended, decades later, in discipleship under the mystic, Gurdjieff. His philosophy of Man's relation to God and the universe opened for her the long-sought door to an inner world in which her soul could fulfill itself. Peripheral to the interior drama of "what I had become" there glittered a material world of landed estates.

The tragedy in Mrs. Caruso's life did not end with the death of her world-famous husband. She was spared neither further personal suffering nor close contact with suffering humanity. The child who presented cigars to Teddy Roosevelt's Rough Riders was to experience hunger with the French peasants during the Second World War, to watch helplessly while tuberculosis ravaged unoccupied France. Her brother Romeyn, whose devotion looms large in her story, was badly wounded if the First World War. The two marriages into which she entered after Caruso's death were failures. Enrico Caruso, while the *leitmotif* of the author's life, by no means takes over her autobiography. Margaret Anderson, editor of *The Little Review*, and Gurdjieff figure in it prominently.

Unfolding like a series of Monets "Dorothy Caruso" has the delicate charm of the author's detachment. On both the artistic and the human level, this print of a pilgrim's remembrance is an even better—a far better—book than "Enrico Caruso."

—Ann F. Wolfe.

MY WILD IRISH ROGUES. By Vivian Hallinan. Doubleday. $3. This true story of an American family is unique not only for the assonant pun in the title, but for the fact that it opens and closes on a jail sentence. In 1932 newly-wed Vincent and Vivian Hallinan were about to start on their honeymoon when the San Francisco police whisked the bridegroom off in a patrol car. For twenty-year old Viv, the informal departure was a preview of life in Hallinan's three-ring circus. Her husband, a crusading West Coast trial lawyer known as "the Stormy Petrel of the Bar," had incurred an unjust sentence for contempt of court.

Since his pretty dimpled bride thrived on excitement and hated injustice, the Swiss Family Hallinan was all set for a diet of Lost Causes and residence on the Edge of Danger.

Although her earliest girlhood dreams centered on six curly-haired sons, Viv's first family actually consisted of apartment houses. Totally inexperienced in apartment management, the amazing girl battled rats, refuse problems, and Vin's parolee janitors to build up a shoestring empire of real estate.

Butch, the Hallinans' first-born, had hardly arrived on the California scene when his father initiated him into a program of muscle development and athletics that included swimming, boxing, and riding. Kayo was given the same Neanderthal training; so, in turn, were Tuffy, Dynamite, Flash, and Dangerous Danny. The whole crowd worked and played, even did their voracious reading, as a monolithic family unit. In school, whoever took on one of Mrs. Hallinan's boys, took on his brothers. At home when the males of the species decided to learn to bake, 102 loaves of bread piled up in the first fine careless rapture of apprenticeships.

Yet even the Hallinans knew anxiety and anguish. Two of the boys were stricken by polio. Kayo, badly injured on a horseback safari in the High Sierras, had to be rescued by helicopter. In a conservative community, Vin and Viv voted with Henry Wallace's Progressive Party. Then Viv undertook Harry Bridges's legal defense. For his opening statement in behalf of Bridges, the court sentenced Vin and Viv to six months in prison and the book breaks off there.

—A. F. W.

EDITORIAL

(*Continued from page 25*)

Illinois congressman recently proposed that Britain cede Canada to us —whatever that means—in payment for European aid. Our handling of the St. Lawrence Seaway question has become a serious threat to Canadian industrial development. One could add to the roster of officialdom's aggravations and ineptitudes almost indefinitely. On some occasions we don't do much better as individuals. Hundreds of thousands of postcards bearing American postage stamps are mailed in Canadian letter boxes every year.

It would be a mistake to brush these things off as unimportant or inconsequential. Canada is very sensitive on these scores and has the capacity to get tough with us. Eighty per cent of our newsprint comes from north of the border: it could easily be rationed in the name of conservation. A large volume of our east-west truck and rail traffic passes through Southern Ontario: it could readily be regulated to a costly trickle. Twenty thousand second-feet of Great Lakes water absolutely essential to Chicago comes from rivers that used to flow into Hudson Bay: it would not be difficult to restore their natural drainage.

Of course, there is one simple, though highly improbable solution. We could try turning the Voice of America around for a few hours every month. Instead of spending all of our millions to tell the rest of the world about America, it might profit us and our relations with it to learn something more about the world. Should we try the experiment with Canada, we would discover a remarkably able and interesting people, alike but astonishingly unlike ourselves, who occupy a territory larger than our own and manage it with quiet competency, but who, for some curious reasons of their own, would appreciate a little neighborly interest and recognition. We could give it to them by ceasing to take Canada for granted as if it were no more than the wilderness extensions of our own New England or Middle West or Pacific Coast. When we have done so we may begin to take an interest in our best friends as a strong partner, self-respecting and self-reliant, and give them automatically the recognition that is theirs by right of propinquity, achievement, and common aims in a disturbed and anxious world. It is as important to us as to them that we should do this, and even more important to the free world that depends on our partnership and strength. —Merrill Denison.

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I AM ENGAGED in collecting material, anecdotes, letters, information, etc., about the late Sinclair Lewis in preparation for a biography. I will be grateful to anyone who will aid me in this task and will promptly return anything sent to me if it is requested. Address: Harrison Smith, Saturday Review, 25 West 45 St., NYC.

ELAN CENTER NOW OPEN YEAR ROUND! Enjoy a vacation plus—any season. All sports, fireside discussions with companions from many nations. Language study, folk dancing, music. Special summer and winter study sessions. ELAN Center, Vancouver Island, British Columbia, Canada.

BROWSE AND WALK on our 400 acre estate this spring. Under 3 hours by motor from Boston and New York, Simsbury House is a gracious, friendly, year-round Inn. Excellent food, comfortable rooms, delightful atmosphere. Permanent or transient guests welcome. For reservations write: Simsbury House, Hopmeadow St., Simsbury, Conn.

YOUNG MAN of background and many experiences wants interesting part-time duties—possibly secretarial. Box K-819.

SOONER OR LATER everybody goes to the nation's capital, WASHINGTON, D. C. When you go, stop at one of the 3 fine, conveniently located Manger owned and operated hotels. The Annapolis, the Hay-Adams, the Hamilton offer special all-expense tour rates to Review readers, from $10.95 up, which includes air-conditioned rooms, breakfast, sightseeing tour, broadcast, etc. Write: Harry Weissinger, General Manager, at Hotel Annapolis, Washington, D. C. (Mention this ad for special Review booklets and detailed information).

WHAT IN THE WORLD happened the day you were born? News highlights, popular songs, typical prices, dozens of fascinating events. Colorful 8 x 10 scroll. Name inscribed. Treasured birthday, anniversary, baby gift. Any date since 1865. Only $2. Money-back privilege. 10-day service. Free sample. BIRTHDATE RESEARCH, Box 249-X, Wall St., Station, NYC.

YOUNG WOMAN desires travel companion for South American cruise. Box K-856.

IF YOU HAVE UNWANTED MAGAZINES, BOOKS—beginner writer needs them. Will pay postage. Write Box K-851.

THE SHAW SOCIETY invites additional American members. Annual dues $2. Write 45 Steeplestone Close, London, N. 18, England.

INSTRUCTOR French, Spanish, Latin; aesthetic interests, gentleman, 35; will tutor, translate, interpret, travel. Box K-843.

COMPETENT, VERSATILE WOMAN, experienced in administration, publicity, and promotion—welfare and art organizations—wishes position in NYC. Box K-842.

ENGLISH TEACHER, 26, loves children. Would like tutoring or caring for children. Box K-838.

YOUNG WOMAN, college graduate, desires work as companion, other duties. Box K-839.

SCIENCE CONSULTANT, elementary school, children's museum. Teaching, museum experience. References. Box K-837.

ACCOMMODATION WANTED: week-end vacation. Mountains, good swimming, boating, 80 miles NYC. Not averse to buying. Box K-836.

WANTED: young man, publicity, singer, travel with evangelist. Box 4, Youngstown, Ohio.

EXPERIENCED RESEARCHER; can also execute all author's requirements. Box K-833.

JOB WANTED: July—August. Professional student, 23, prefer chauffeuring, have traveled extensively in West. Box K-832.

EDUCATED YOUNG MAN of excellent appearance and character, 32, offers versatile talents part time. Box K-828.

REGISTERED NURSE, college graduate, 23, desires travel. Carriage Trade, Manchester, Vermont.

(Continued on page 58)

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PERSONALS

WANTED: "Assimil" French records, used. Write condition and price. Box K-823.

TEACHER, male, driving Mexico, seeks expense-sharing companion. Box K-822.

SUMMER RENTAL wanted or purchase; for writer and family, within 150 miles NYC. Fairly secluded, swimming. Box K-859.

BACHELOR SHARE HOME with congenial bachelor. 40 minutes from NYC. Box K-862.

FRENCH TEACHER wishes tutoring 12 hours weekly for board. Box K-864.

GENTLEMAN touring New England early July. Assistance with driving desired. Box K-863.

INN FOR SALE

WOULD YOU LIKE to own or run an Inn? This community of schools and colleges needs one. We have 3 acres of land, a 19-room house with 7 baths and 6 fireplaces, at the head of the town's main street. An excellent opportunity. Write P.O. Box 511, Greenfield, Mass.

HOUSES AVAILABLE

For Sale

CENTURY-OLD STONE HOUSE, West Central Vermont. Year-round, completely modernized; 4 bedrooms, 2 baths, 3 fireplaces, 2-car garage. Between 2 lakes, water and mountain view. 4 miles from village. $22,000. Box K-739.

FRANCONIA, N. H. House: 7 rooms, bath. Studio: 4 rooms, bath. DAN KILEY, Charlotte, Vermont.

LOCATED HIGH IN THE BERKSHIRES, 150 miles from NYC; remodeled Colonial, suitable or year-round occupancy, with 4 bedrooms, 2 baths, and 2-car garage. Caretakers cottage offered separately. 125 acres of beautiful country. R. C. ROBERTSON AGENCY, Pittsfield, Mass.

BARGAIN: Summer cottage, conveniences, quiet, accessible; shore of beautiful lake. Write for photographs and complete details. Currier, East Winthrop, Maine.

LAKE PROPERTY, Central New York. Gracious year-round colonial home on Seneca Lake set in landscaped 3½ acres with rose gardens. Large living room, wood-burning fireplaces, oil-burning furnace. 6 bedrooms, 2½ baths, den. Beach and boathouse. Situated in heart of beautiful Finger Lakes; 15 minutes from Watkins Glen, 80 miles southwest of Syracuse. For additional information contact Mrs. Charles F. Robbins, Glenora, Dundee, N. Y. Telephone Dundee 1918.

For Rent

PLANTATION HOME 68 miles from New Orleans, furnished with antiques. WILLIAM A. PORTEOUS, Jr., American Bank Building, New Orleans, La.

FOR RENT OR SALE: Shore cottage, Averill, Vermont. Completely furnished, 5 bedrooms, 2 baths, lavatory, living-dining room. Fireplace, screened porch, frigidaire, gas stove. Famous fishing. Jenks, Shadow Lane, Wilton, Conn.

For Summer Rental

COTTAGE FOR TWO. Private swimming pool. 65 miles NYC. $350. Box K-849.

ENJOY COUNTRY LIFE in modern cottage. Inquire Box 182, Brattleboro, Vermont.

NORTHEASTERN CONNECTICUT. 2 secluded old farmhouses, furnished. $225 season. William Tayler, Woodstock Valley, Conn.

FOR RENT BY MONTH OR SEASON: furnished summer home near village and lakes of central New Hampshire. Box K-841.

QUIET, PEACEFUL COTTAGE, beautiful water view, furnished, conveniences, near University. Car necessary. July through August, $250. Martha Elliott, Newmarket, N. H.

HOUSES AVAILABLE

THREE BRIDGES, N. J. Charming house, 6 rooms, modern; piano, screened porch. Fishing, bathing. $385 season. Telephone Neshanic 4-5075.

SMALL BUNGALOW for rent from June 15 to September 15. Great porch, on ½ acre, on small lake. $600. Morgan, 54 DeForest Ave., West Islip, N. Y.

PRIVATE COUNTRY HOME in Rockville Centre, N. Y. to rent or share for summer. Telephone Rockville Centre 4-2454.

TWELVE MILES NYC, 2 acres, 6 rooms, contemporary. Large private pond, huge pines. $800. Loren, 140 Heatherdell Road, Ardsley, N. Y.

VACATIONS

BERKSHIRES, SUN-INSIDE, MONTEREY: where food has the French flavor of deep contentment.

KANDAHAR LODGE, MANCHESTER, VT. Elevation, 2,000 feet. Excellent accommodations. Private swimming. Sports. Restful. Friendly informality. Delicious meals. Folder.

COLONIAL CHARM, luscious food, casual and intimate--amidst woods and trout stream—swimming, horses, golf nearby — country auctions — summer theatre. LEWIS & MARY FISHER, Bantam, Conn. Telephone Litchfield 93W1.

ARTISTS, WRITERS, thoughtful people find relaxation in quiet CAPE COD seaport village. Beach, shore drives, beautiful harbor view. Agreeable clientele. Theatres. THE BREAKWATER, Woods Hole, Mass. Booklet.

WEST ROAD INN, located in a mid-Massachusetts hill town. A small conservative guest house. Ideal for writing, painting or rest. May 15 to November. Write: Mrs. P. A. Young, Petersham, Mass.

ARLBERG INN, Laconia 2, N. H. Small, friendly, country inn. Scenic, quiet, restful. Heartwarming hospitality, scrumptious food. $45.50—$49, weekly; meals included. Folder.

CHANTERWOOD, LEE, MASS. Near Tanglewood, Jacob's Pillow and Berkshire Playhouse. Private 3-mile lake, swimming, boating, tennis, etc., on grounds. Rustic lodge and cabins. Good food, moderate rates, informal. 28th season. Folder S.

LOG CABINS IN THE PINES. Excellent food. Swimming, tennis, fishing. NOKOMIS CAMPS, Surry, Maine.

WOODHOLME—a unique and delightful Adirondack Lodge on lordly Seventh Lake. Refreshing days, velvety nights. Lakeside living at its best. American Plan, $50 to $54 per week. Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Lawson, Inlet, N. Y. Telephone Eagle Bay 9552.

SCHROON CREST on Schroon Lake, Pottersville, N. Y. Informal adult resort in the Adirondacks. Special Honeymoon Cottages. Telephone MAin 4-8570 (NYC).

SUMMER AT MUSIC INN . . . tennis, boating, swimming, fishing, riding. Boston Symphony next door. Write for program, Music Inn, Lenox 3, Mass.

TANGLEWOOD AND JACOB'S PILLOW CLOSE BY. Swimming and boating from our private beach. Excellent tennis. LP record library. HOLIDAY INN on Laurel Lake, Lee, Mass. Telephone Lee 552.

LIKE THE COUNTRY? Come to Graymont, a Colonial farmhouse. Good food. R. D. 2, Middlebury, Vt.

DELIGHTFUL COUNTRY LIVING, excellent food, informal atmosphere, honeymoon cottage on lake front at SUDBURY INN on Lake Hortonia, Sudbury, Vt.

BLUESPRUCE LANDING, West Brooksville, Maine. Peaceful, seaside vacation. Yankee cooking.

GREEN SHADOWS, Old Lyme, Conn., quiet, informal, country life; good food, comfortable beds.

MERRIEBROOK. Poughquag, N. Y. Tempting meals. Quiet. Adults only. North Clove 2421.

SCRIBNER HILL FARM, Oxford, Maine. Lake, mountains, view, rural recreations.

SOMETHING DIFFERENT amid New York's Finger Lakes region. All sports, cultural activities, fireside discussions, tranquil garden. Eat when and where you wish. July 1 to September 1. 6 adult guests maximum. Box K-786.

VACATIONS

CONNECTICUT SHORE, Branford, private home exclusively located on waterfront offers suite, sitting room and bedroom, facing water, private entrance, garage. Private beach. Adults. Box K-758.

BRIDGE ROAD FARM, Lake Bomoseen, Vermont, offers unusual vacations, home-grown food.

VACATION SUGGESTION—Enjoy Berkshire's cultural activities, scenic beauty. Pre-season rates. Write FESTIVAL HOUSE, Lenox, Mass. Telephone 8107.

LANIER-ON-PISCATAQUA, Eliot, Maine. Good beds, good food, salt water swimming. Small Inn, rustic cabins. Old world charm. Late June to early September.

MERRYMEETING-IN-MAINE, picturesque country INN and CABINS. Mountain view; spring-fed lake for swimming, boating; boat trips and picnics on the sea nearby, square dancing. From $7 daily with meals. Send for picture folders. Duane Doolittle, Box L, Lincolnville, Maine.

BRADLEY INN, Pemaquid Point, Maine. A house of rare simplicity and charm for vacations. Quiet, informal, exceptional hospitality. Rates very reasonable.

THE LOG HOUSE, Thirteenth Lake, North River, N. Y. Secluded. Guest cottages. Privacy ideal for writing or other creative work, or for just plain loafing! Mountains and Lake for inspiration or recreation. Food varied and best. Charles H. Tibbits.

SUMMER AT BLUEBERRY HILL! Lucullan food. Dogtooth violets. Trout fishing. Brandon, Vt. Telephone 104W3.

CATSKILLS, Andes, N. Y. DRUSKONIE HALL, beautiful location, comfort. Excellent food. Reasonable.

BEAUTIFUL LAKE MACDONALD, Laurentian Mountains, Quebec. Cottages, wonderful beach. $35 week up. Trips: Ottawa, Montreal, Toronto, Quebec City. Particulars: Dr. Kelloway, 389 Whitney Ave., New Haven, Conn.

VACATION FOR TWO, Lake Dunmore, Vermont. Quiet, good food, outing facilities. Box K-845.

ON GRAND MANAN, the scenic island of the Bay of Fundy, several weathered Cape Cod cottages affording congenial surroundings to those seeking a restful holiday. WHALE COVE COTTAGES, North Head, Grand Manan, N. B., Canada.

THE MOORS, Vinalhaven, Maine. Island apartments for two, three, or four people; 2-week periods or longer. Dinners served.

PICKEREL for the hooking in SOUTHWIND'S private lake. Woodbourne, N. Y.

BARONESS VON WRANGELL extends her invitation for a wonderful vacation on the water. Charming atmosphere, unusually excellent cuisine, breakfast at any time. American plan from $8 per day. Special weekly and monthly rates. 155 Bayview Ave., Northport, N. Y. Telephone Northport 3-1105.

HONEYMOON—FIRST OR SECOND—at the ISLAND INN on famous MONHEGAN ISLAND, 10 miles off the coast of MAINE. Open June 14th. American plan, from $35 weekly. Booklet.

NAIDNI-ON-DUNMORE, Brandon, Vermont. Join us for your holiday. Good swmiming, canoeing, fishing; extra good food. No planned entertainment.

MAINE. Private beaches, modern home comforts, scenery unsurpassed. $75-$60. Special rates June and September. Colonel R. C. Wriston, Small Point Beach, Maine.

TENNIS-MINDED? ART-MINDED? Like walks over fascinating dunes? Fishing—Sailing—Swimming, on Cape Cod, Provincetown, Mass. "CAST ANCHOR COURT" ON THE WATER. Telephone 501 or write.

MOORLAND HOTEL, On-the-Ocean, Gloucester, Massachusetts . . . modern elevator, theatre, art, sports, cocktail lounge. From $49 weekly. Modified American Plan. Write for Folder S.

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DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 950

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

By Elizabeth S. Kingsley

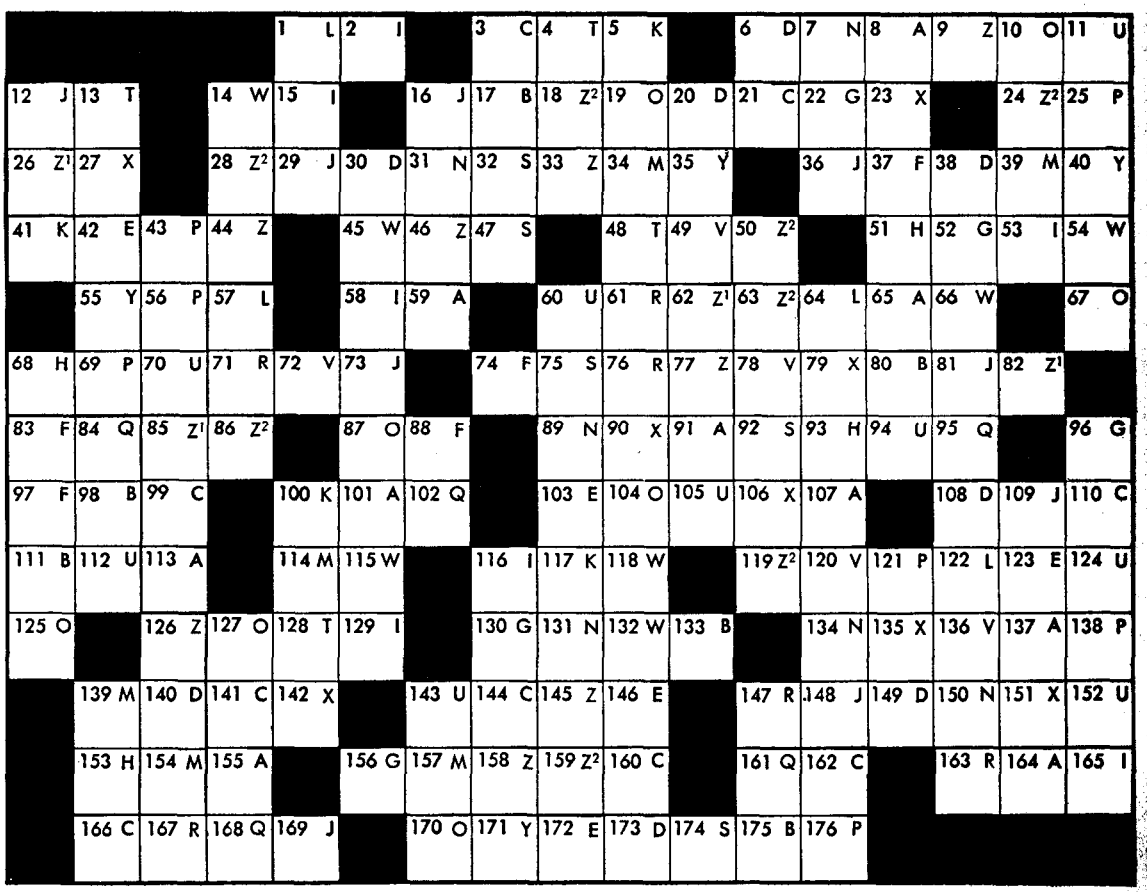
DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. European bankers who subsidized some countries in the Napoleonic Wars.	91 59 107 164 113 65 101 137 8 155
B. Mediterranean islands, center of earliest European civilization.	17 133 111 175 98 80
C. What the Exposition in Philadelphia in 1876 was intended to celebrate.	166 141 160 3 144 99 110 21 162
D. Serious discourses.	140 38 6 149 173 30 20 108
E. Eldritch.	146 172 103 42 123
F. The quality of not being on high (dial.).	37 88 83 74 97
G. Oblivion.	130 22 96 52 156
H. A samara, as of the ash tree.	68 93 153 51
I. Tenderly (It. music dir., preceded by "con").	53 2 15 165 116 58 129
J. Dutch painter, master of light and shade.	73 148 16 169 29 36 12 81 109
K. First name, "Reform Mayor" of New York City, 1901-03.	41 5 100 117
L. A form of the possessive pronoun.	1 64 122 57
M. Very small food fish found in the Mediterranean.	154 114 34 39 157 139
N. Fine art gallery in Florence, Italy, founded by the Medici.	134 31 89 7 150 131

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
O. Famous Russian dancer who first appeared in Diaghilev's *troupe in Paris* (1890-1950).	127 10 170 104 87 67 19 125
P. American politician, born in Vermont, defeated by Lincoln for the Presidency, 1860.	43 69 121 25 138 56 176
Q. Pertaining, in the R. C. and Anglican Churches, to days for fasting and prayer in each season.	84 168 161 102 95
R. Subject of Karel Capek's best known play, 1920, New York City.	61 76 71 167 163 147
S. Any *small or insignificant* part.	92 174 32 75 47
T. The animal in which a parasite lives (biol.).	4 48 13 128
U. Gave faculties or abilities to.	124 70 60 11 143 112 105 94 152
V. American woman suffragist known by her unmarried name (1818-93).	78 136 120 49 72
W. Impression (It. music dir.).	118 115 132 66 45 54 14
X. The separating of anything into its elements (pl.).	79 135 90 23 142 27 151 106
Y. A literary man with a wooden leg in "Our Mutual Friend".	55 171 35 40
Z. An angel in "Paradise Lost" who transformed the devil into his original form.	33 158 46 77 145 126 44 9
Z^1. Small blocks built into walls, as holds for nails.	85 62 26 82
Z^2. Low-spirited.	63 24 119 50 18 86 159 28

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in, you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Read up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).



Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 9 of this issue.

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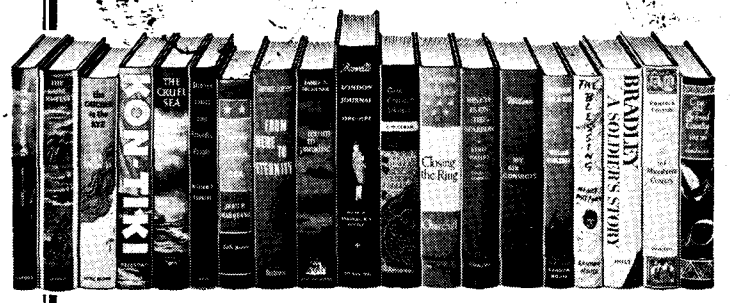
19 Book-of-the-Month Club Choices* Among 25 Leading Titles

Rank	Title	Author
1	The Sea Around Us	*Rachel Carson*
2	The Caine Mutiny	*Herman Wouk*
3	The Catcher in the Rye	*J. D. Salinger*
4	Kon-Tiki	*Thor Heyerdahl*
5	The Cruel Sea	*Nicholas Monsarrat*
6	Strange Lands and Friendly People	*William O. Douglas*
7	Melville Goodwin, USA	*John P. Marquand*
8	From Here to Eternity	*James Jones*
9	Return to Paradise	*James A. Michener*
10	Boswell's London Journal	*Ed. by F. A. Pottle*
11	Gods, Graves and Scholars	*C. W. Ceram*
12	Closing the Ring	*Winston Churchill*
13	His Eye Is on the Sparrow	*Ethel Waters*
15	My Six Convicts	*Donald Powell Wilson*
16	Requiem for a Nun	*William Faulkner*
17	The Blessing	*Nancy Mitford*
18	A Soldier's Story	*General Omar N. Bradley*
20	The Magnificent Century	*Thomas B. Costain*
21	Cry, The Beloved Country	*Alan Paton*

IN RECENT POLL OF *Saturday Review* READERS

*Ten were regular monthly selections, and nine were alternate selections.



A FEW MONTHS AGO the *Saturday Review of Literature*—in a nation-wide poll—asked its readers to list the recent books which they had read with special enjoyment. Of the topmost twenty-one, in the order of popularity, *nineteen* were Book-of-the-Month Club choices; *and every one of the top thirteen was a Club choice.*

This was a striking confirmation of the good judgment exercised by the Book-of-the-Month Club Editorial Board. It demonstrated how well the Club is fulfilling the primary function it was invented to perform: *to keep its members from missing the best new books as they are published.*

Facts about the Club every book-reading family should know:

YOUR CHOICE IS WIDE: Your only obligation, as a member, *is to buy four selections a year.* In addition to the monthly selections, the Club makes available Special Members' Editions of widely discussed books, *a total of at least 100 books a year.* From these you may buy as few as four.

WHAT YOU PAY . . . AND HOW: You simply pay the special members' price for each selection you buy, which is usually lower than the regular retail price. A bill is mailed with each book you indicate you want. (A small charge is added to cover postage and mailing expenses.)

BOOK-DIVIDEND PLAN . . . WHAT IT IS: After your first purchase, with every second book you buy — from among the Club selections and Special Editions — you receive a Book-Dividend. This profit-sharing system is similar to what happens in consumer co-operatives. *An average of two million dollars' worth of free books (retail value), during every two-month period, is now distributed among members.*

GOOD SENSE: When the new books you want to read are Club selections, *why not buy them from the Club?* You will usually pay less for them, will share in the Club's Book-Dividends, and will actually get and read the new books which you frequently do fail to read through oversight or procrastination.

BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB, Inc. A256
345 Hudson Street, New York 14, N. Y.

Please enroll me as a member of the Book-of-the-Month Club.† I am to receive, free, HAMMOND'S COMPLETE WORLD ATLAS and AN ENCYCLOPEDIA OF WORLD HISTORY with the purchase of my first book indicated below, and thereafter for every two monthly selections—or Special Members' Editions—I purchase from the Club, I am to receive, free, the current Book-Dividend then being distributed. I agree to purchase at least four monthly selections—or Special Members' Editions—from the Club during the first year I am a member, and I may cancel my membership any time after buying four such books from the Club. The price to be charged for each book will never be more than the publisher's price, and frequently less. (A small charge is added to cover postage and mailing expenses.)

AS MY FIRST PURCHASE PLEASE SEND ME:

_____
(Choose one of the books shown above)

Name.....
(Please Print Plainly)

Address.....

Postal Zone No.
City..... (if any) .....*State*.....

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†*Trade-Mark of Book-of-the-Month Club, Inc. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off. and in Canada.*

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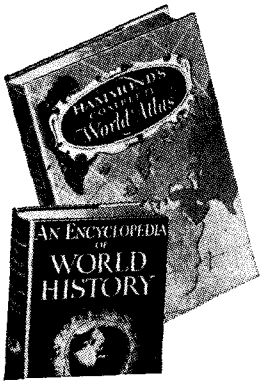
A brand-new atlas containing 216 pages of four-color maps; 160 pages of text and charts. Makes the news more understandable; invaluable for children in school; handy size . . . always convenient to use.

AND

An Encyclopedia of World History

RETAIL PRICE $6.00

Covers all of recorded history, from ancient times down to 1946. Invaluable whenever you want to know the exact historical background of what you are reading. Over 1200 pages. Over 16,000 index entries.



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